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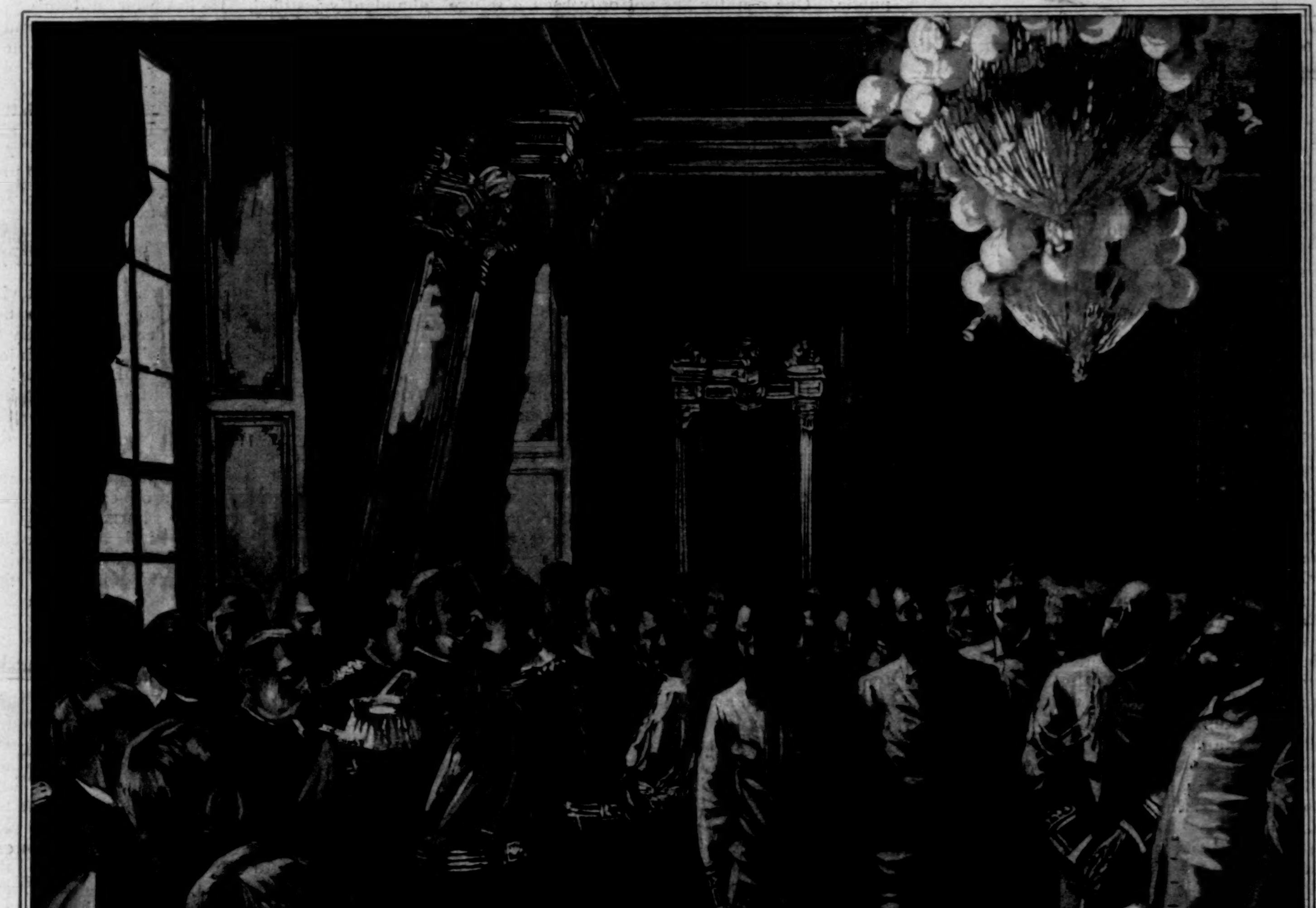

THE EVACUATION OF HAVANA—FAREWELL COURTESIES BETWEEN SPANISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS IN THE PALACE AS TWELVE O'CLOCK STRUCK.

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN CUBA.

Harper's Weekly

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 28, 1899

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Americanism

THE American attitude on the question of imperialism was clearly and vigorously stated by Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his address before the Lexington Historical Society on the 20th of December. Examining the subject entirely from the historical point of view, Mr. Adams reaches the conclusion that if we adopt imperialism as a national policy we will turn our backs upon all the principles which distinguished the republic from European governments; will accept their principles and policies as sound; and will, in doing so, admit that our cause against England which we won in the tribunal of arms was not righteous. We will confess that the Declaration of Independence is a stupendous falsehood, that men are not created equal before the law, that governments do not derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed," but may rightfully exist against the will of those who are ruled and taxed. We will acknowledge that the fathers were all wrong in insisting that representation and taxation must go together, and will contend that we may tax the people of Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines as we see fit without asking their leave and without consulting them at all. We will testify that our historical policy, which has made us a peaceful nation, devoted to our own affairs, opposed to large and costly armaments, seeking the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration, has been the policy of a petty nation—a parish, to use the striking argument of the arch-imperialists; that we have committed an offence against "Duty" and "Destiny" in promulgating and standing by the Monroe doctrine, for we cannot decently intrude into European preserves, and deny to Europe the right to enter America for the purposes of aggrandizement. If France should come again to Mexico, as she did in 1866, we would have no doctrine on which to protest; and if Great Britain should again deny justice to Venezuela, we would be debarred from interference. We have protected our labor from competition with the "pauper labor of Europe," and especially from the "Asiatic hordes" who were said to be devastating the labor market of our Pacific coast. We are now urged to turn our backs upon the white wage-earner and to expose him to competition from the labor of our prospective Malay, Filipino, Negrito, Tagal, and what not fellow-citizens. In a word, it is contended, and the contention is formulated in the Paris treaty, that it is our "manifest destiny" to imitate the British government, to adopt the worst features of its colonial system, and to admit that our rebellion against England was indeed a rebellion and not a revolution, and that we must repair the fault of Washington and his army, of Jefferson and Franklin and Adams and their fellow-statesmen, by imitating what we once thought to be the vices of Europe.

There is nothing that Mr. Adams says in his address that can be gainsaid. We are asked to turn our backs upon our history, to step aside from "the tracks of our forefathers." Let us not do it, however, under a mistaken notion that we are thereby advancing along the lines of Americanism. We will be doing nothing of the kind. The only advocates and champions of Americanism are the anti-imperialists. The imperialists are advocating nothing less than a return to the methods and principles of England, against which we protested in 1776, in behalf of which our fathers made heroic sacrifices, in defence of which they risked life and fortune, in vindication of which they won their victory over the mother-country and established a new nation.

Before we quite abandon our past, before we entirely rid ourselves of those troublesome principles which stand in the way of a "Manifest Destiny" that is leading us back into Europe of the eighteenth century, it would be wise to reflect upon what has been accomplished under the form of government which was set up by the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the framers of the Constitution. The Constitution was adopted, according to its preamble, "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." The republic has accomplished that and more. Under its government not only has the average of our manhood and womanhood attained to nobler heights, but humanity everywhere has been blessed. The torch of liberty lighted here has shone out upon a world of darkness. The man who works with his hands in the fields or mines or shops of Europe is better off for the influence of the American republic. Our country has not only been a refuge for the oppressed of other lands, but it has transformed slaves into men. Its burdens have rested so lightly on the citizen that his powers have been left untrammelled, and he is able as is the citizen of no other land to make the most of his talents and opportunities. Even the corruptions of some of its politicians, while they may have brought shame to him, have not materially and physically distressed him. He has been relieved of the fears of war, and the disturbance of his affairs which results inevitably from threats of war and preparations for it. He has lived in a country which has promoted international peace, and which has endeavored to promote the arts of peace—a country grown so great and strong that the most powerful nations of Europe have respected and yielded to its mere protest. Not only has the republic been respected for its power, it has been honored by the wisest men even among the military powers of Europe for its promotion of the principle of international arbitration, and it has been envied for its freedom from the cares and burdens of militarism.

All these benefits and blessings have been achieved under the republic as it was founded by the fathers, and those who are opposed to imperialism believe that they can be best maintained and increased by adhering to the policies under which they came into being. That evils are known to democracy is true, but we cannot believe that they will be done away with by throwing away our blessings, and by departing from the "tracks of our forefathers," in which we have found peace, prosperity, and happiness. In view of the appeal of the imperialists to glut ourselves with gain, and with such glory and power as European monarchs are struggling after, Mr. Adams's quotation of Kipling's "Recessional" at the conclusion of his address was especially happy, and this is the stanza which seems to us to apply best to our present discussion:

> If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
> Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
> Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
> Or lesser breeds without the law—
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The President's Duty

IT is understood in Washington that Mr. McKinley is still hesitating over the order which exempts a large number of persons now in the classified service from the operation of the law. There is hope that his good sense, which found expression in favor of the reformed service in his inaugural address, and his actual experience of the law, will come to his aid, and that the result will be a defeat of those who are urging him to take the backward step, and to mark and distinguish his administration by the first successful attack upon the reform since its adoption.

This urging, we are sure, comes from Congressmen and party "bosses," who are eager for more spoils. So far as the Congressmen are concerned, the effort is peculiarly cowardly. Some of them, it is true, have the courage of their convictions, and have recently gone on record—members of both parties—in favor of beating the law by starving the commission; but there are some others who have a wholesome fear of their constituents, who know that popular opinion on this subject is not expressed by the "boys" who want public employment, or, to speak more accurately, public wages. These men are quite willing that Mr. McKinley should bear the responsibility and the accompanying odium of restoring some good places to the spoilsmen. They will profit, and he must lose, for he will not gain the support of a single additional "boy" by an assault upon the reform, and he will lose the respect of every civil service reformer in the Republican party.

The Indian Rights Association has called attention to the character of the raid which it is proposed to make upon the Indian service, and has shown that the loss to the public service, and the presumptive damage to the Indians, will be very great if the order goes into effect. Equal damage, at least, will be done to other departments of the government, and, as an executive officer, Mr. McKinley knows all this as well as the men who are devoted to the defence and the advance of the reform. Indeed, there is nothing nearly so effective as the responsibility of executive office to transform a spoilsman into a civil service reformer. The mere comfort which the merit system provides for the occupant of an executive chair is very great, and his efficiency is multiplied by the saving of time which applicants for spoils have heretofore consumed.

Mr. McKinley has only to stand by his record, and by the work which has been done by his predecessors—work which time and experience have abundantly justified. He has been an openly professed civil service reformer for many years, and a strong defender of the merit system. He is now asked to make an aggressive attack on his own principles. His rôle as a reformer is not half as difficult as Governor Roosevelt's, for the latter has undertaken to induce the Legislature to take affirmative action in behalf of the reform. All that the President is called upon to do is to prevent encroachments, and to refuse to be made a convenience of by the spoils-grabbers.

The Lesson of Eagan

WE do not comment on General Eagan's vile indecencies directed against his commanding officer because we deem it necessary to increase his punishment by exciting public opinion against him. His punishment will be attended to by the excellent court which the President has appointed. As to General Miles, he is not in the question, and apparently he does not greatly desire friends or champions.

The Eagan incident is of public interest and importance because it reflects on existing conditions of things in the army. Eagan is a symptom—a very exaggerated one, it is admitted, but, nevertheless, a symptom of our army organization. He is the flower and fruitage of the staff system which prevails at Washington—we do not now include the Engineer and Ordnance corps in our criticism. He has probably not his equal in the bureaus, but his grossness has its opportunity by reason of the system of which he is a part, for the staff of the United States army is a thing apart, bearing some resemblance to its English model, but far ahead of it in its development of evil tendencies. From the top to the bottom there is lack of discipline. It may be said, in the first place, that no soldier really commands the army, and the lack of discipline begins with the relations that exist, and that have existed for many years, between the Major-General nominally in command and the Adjutant-General, who is the adjutant of the President or Secretary of War. Whatever insubordination or bickering or jealousy may be manifested at the very top of the service pervades all the staff departments. Eagan resented General Breckinridge's inspection and General Miles's criticism. He was insulted, perhaps, but if a man cannot restrain his evil-speaking tongue under provocation, but must perforce speak out the filth that is in him, to the injury of the service and to the discredit of the country, he is not fit to remain an officer, and the system which permits him ought to be abolished without unnecessary delay.

Such outbreaks are possible so long as we have a staff like that at Washington, made up largely of self-seeking military politicians, who depend upon their influence with Congress, Presidents, and Secretaries of War to protect them against the consequences of their violations of soldierly and even personal decencies. Eagan's influence, by-the-way, is supposed to be very great, but, great or small, the atmosphere of the staff bureaus resembles that which used to prevail in the civil service before the merit system was established, and when the "pull" worked, as it works now in the War Department, to put and keep the government employés in office.

The most important sufferer from this state of things is the country, whose means of defence are thus greatly weakened. The second sufferer in importance is the line of the army, for whose sustenance, shelter, and clothing the staff is supposed to be organized. Congress is said to be about to consider a bill for increasing the army. In the discussion the question of the character of the staff and the staff organization must come up for consideration, and it is to be hoped that the lesson of Eagan will sink deep into the legislative mind, and lead it away from projects of multiplying him and the "pull," which is the inevitable resort of many of the officers who enter the army by favor instead of through the front door.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

ALL New York and a large proportion of the rest of the country seem now to be divided into two great classes—those who are buying stocks, and those who are not but wish they were. There is a Scriptural injunction of high authority which reads, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Some persons whose respect for this command is the most profound, and who obey it to the best of a halting ability, still yearn at times to reverse temporarily the order of acquisition which it prescribes, and to put themselves in the way of having things added unto them without any wearisome delays. They wonder whether it is contrary to the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount to buy likely shares on a margin, and it is suspected that a good many of them decide that it is not. Perhaps it isn't, if one has the money to spare, but if not, then it surely is. Meanwhile the fall in the value of money as measured by securities is demoralizing. When dollars seem so cheap, it seems almost a duty to go down and gather one's share before the distribution ceases. What a fine chapter the Wise King could have added to the Book of Proverbs after spending half a day in Wall Street, and how many there are who need just now to read it!

THE brokers, who try to keep the run of whatever may be expected to affect the opinions or feelings of their fellow-humans, noted months ago that the 13th of January would fall this year on Friday. It appears that it is an unfavorable symptom for the 13th of January to fall on Friday, and any adversity that follows such a coincidence is thought to be fully accounted for. Nothing worse happened in Wall Street to mark the critical week than the greatest exchange of securities the street ever saw. It is not known that outside of Wall Street any attention was paid in this country to the superstition, but report says that in some European cities—Brussels, for instance—all ordinary business diminished in volume; few letters or telegrams were sent; buying and selling were minimized; the street cars and cabs were little used; the theatres were ill patronized; and the bulk of the population seemed solicitous not to give ill luck any reasonable opportunity to get in its work.

THE competitive examinations for the six-hundred-dollar fellowships of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens will be held this year on March 16, 17, and 18, and candidates should enter their names before February 2, with Professor B. I. Wheeler (Ithaca, New York). The Hoppin Fellowship, open to women only, yields $1000, and is assigned without examination, preference being given to women who have won and held a competitive fellowship.

IN a recent number of *Literature* (for December 28, 1898) there was a letter from Mr. Leveson-Gower, one of the secretaries of the British Legation at Athens, in which he discloses that the heirs of George Finlay, historian of modern Greece, are now ready to sell the library which he gathered and left in his house in Athens. This bit of news has inspired Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, to write to the WEEKLY that when he was in Athens in 1892–3, nearly twenty years after Mr. Finlay's death, he was invited to use this library, and found it of great value to a student of either modern or ancient Greece. "I suppose," he writes, "there is nowhere such a special collection, unless it be in the Parliamentary Library at Athens, and the chance to buy this is the only one likely to be afforded to Americans seeking such rare and perishable material as this collection contains." He adds that Mr. McGregor of the General Post Office, London, represents the Finlay heirs, and is willing to sell the collection for $2500—a price which Mr. Sanborn considers very moderate.

THE current disposition to buy almost anything that looks good, and to pay liberally for it, finds an illustration in the report of the purchase of the Mrs. Lawson pink for $30,000. It is a high price for a pink, or even for a whole species of pinks. Tulips have been sold for less, though they have brought more. Still, the Lawson pink seems to be what speculative persons would call a good thing. It consists of a lot of about eight thousand plants, said to be able to bear pink pinks from four to five inches in diameter, and so durable that they last fifteen days. The pedigree of this remarkable flower has not been made public, but it was bred by Peter Fisher, of Ellis, Massachusetts, and was sold to Thomas Galvin, of Boston. The new purchaser is Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, whose wife the plant is named after. The flowers sell at present for three or four dollars a dozen, and such specimens as Boston can spare are in demand in other cities in both America and Europe.

WE have been thoroughly harrowed, of recent years, by the stories of Armenians tormented by Kurds, and of Cubans and Filipinos harassed by cruel Spaniards. If we must continue to be aggravated by distressful narratives it will be some help to have a change of scene and a complete change in the cast. The next lot of stories of persecution that is offered us bids fair to come from England, where there is a prospect that ritualism, which so long has had fun with the constitution and by-laws of the Established Church, is at last to be taken in hand by the Church authorities. The British ritualists are so sincerely pious, and are such hard workers in the Anglican Church, that there has been extreme reluctance among bishops to meddle with them or restrict their observances; but very earnest complaints made in Parliament have finally led to action, and at the recent Lambeth conclave it was determined to assert the Protestantism of the Anglican Church and restrict her clergymen to such doings and observances as are provided for in the prayer-book. The bishops at Lambeth made twelve decisions:

1. To prohibit the celebration of holy days not authorized in the prayer-book.
2. To prohibit the introduction into the service of any parish church of any ceremony not authorized by the prayer-book.
3. To prohibit the ceremonial use of incense.
4. To prohibit asperging (the use of holy water).
5. To forbid the burning of candles before pictures.
6. To forbid all reservation of the holy sacrament.
7. To prohibit innovations not provided for in the ornaments rubric without previous consent of the bishop.
8. Condemning the use of such Romish words as "viaticum" and "mass."
9. Forbidding divers omissions from the communion service, and all additions to it, such as the ringing of a bell at the moment of consecration.
10. Forbidding communion without communicants.
11. Forbidding invocations of holy angels or the Blessed Virgin or of departed saints, and definite prayers for the dead within walls of a consecrated church.
12. Condemning habitual confession.

It is believed that these decisions were not published for nothing, but that the bishops will feel constrained to enforce them. It remains to be seen what the result will be, but the expectation is that many devoted and conscientious High-Churchmen will take them very hard, and it is considered not unlikely that a large secession from the Church of England may result. Religious liberty is insured in England, but not in the Established Church. In that establishment, as in every other Church, there are rules, in agreement with which the officers of the Church are expected to live and act.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG'S term of service as Librarian of Congress was short. He took charge of the library on July 1, 1897, and died on January 17, ultimo, at the age of fifty-eight. Overwork and brain-work are named as among the immediate causes of his death. He was a native of Pennsylvania, who grew up partly in Philadelphia, partly in New Orleans, and went to the public schools in both of those cities. When the war broke out he was twenty years old, and had already had four years of newspaper training in the office of the Philadelphia *Press*. He went to the front at Bull Run as a war correspondent, and saw some other engagements, but presently became editor of the Washington *Chronicle*, and not long after editor-in-chief of the Philadelphia *Press*. In 1866 he became managing editor of the New York *Tribune*. In 1869 he started the *Standard* in New York, and wrote letters from Paris to it during the Franco-Prussian war. When the *Standard* died he hired out to the New York *Herald*, with which he was long connected. He went round the world with President Grant in 1877, and in 1882 President Arthur appointed him minister to China, where his previous acquaintance with Li Hung-Chang developed into an intimacy. After his return he was for a time a vice-president of the Reading Railroad, but he never broke himself of writing for the newspapers, and some readers may still recall his letters to the New York *Herald* from the conventions at St. Louis and Chicago in 1896.

THE news from Philadelphia of the discovery of tubing in the walls and floor of Keely's work-shop is, on the whole, rather mortifying. The Philadelphia *Press* vouches for the story. It avers that the Keely work-shop has been ripped up; that under the floor was a steel reservoir capable of holding compressed air at a high pressure, and that the tubing found was small but very strong, and also capable of standing a severe strain. The sad inference is that Keely was a poor old fraud, and used compressed air to produce the remarkable mechanical effects with which he regaled his visitors. The investigators seem to have been somewhat zealous to prove that he was a deceiver, and it may be that the believers in Keely, if there are any left, will doubt their findings; but the story as it is told seems fairly conclusive, and the hidden tubes, if they can be shown in position as found, will require a deal of explanation.

PROFESSOR W. Z. RIPLEY, to whose recent article in the *Popular Science Monthly* on the remarkable vitality of Jews allusion was made in a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY, writes that since his article appeared he has received letters from all over the country, both from physicians and insurance men, confirming his induction. One man, he says, writes from a lying-in hospital. "We have a tradition that you can't kill a Jewess." "To my mind," Professor Ripley says, "this vitality is certainly very remarkable, and an example in plain living."

No doubt the civilized world has still much to learn, or at least to put into practice, about diet. Whether or not we would do well to borrow the dietary restrictions of the Jewish law, with its rejection of shell-fish, pork, and other favorite foods, we are warned from time to time that our habits of feeding do not in all respects commend themselves to scientific approval. Very lately Mr. Roger Williams has been discoursing in the Paris *Herald* about the remarkable increase of mortality from cancer in Great Britain, which he attributes to various things, and especially to the excessive use of animal food. To have one large section of the world's population anxious for fear it will starve, and another large section worried for fear it will overfeed itself, makes life seem an extra-hazardous affair. It is reassuring to remember that a considerable fraction of our own community manages to worry along into a tolerable maturity, and that in America, at least, the average of longevity is steadily rising.

IT is a dull winter when Bishop Potter doesn't say something that is worth disputing. His observation, at a recent meeting of the Church Temperance Society in New York, that the saloon is a social necessity, has already called out denials and discussion. It has brought up the question whether the chief attraction of the saloon is society or drink. Men who go to saloons because it is pleasanter there than at home may go to the squirrel inns which the Church Temperance Society proposes to start. Men who go to saloons to get a drink won't find that the squirrel inns serve their purpose. But in great cities there are all sorts of men and women who have use for all sorts of things, and if the squirrel inns are good temperance saloons, no doubt they will get their share of patronage. They do in Liverpool, where more than sixty of them do a profitable business, and a score of them flourish in Manchester. One is to be started at 131 Bowery, in premises which have been used for saloon purposes and found well adapted for that use. If it is well managed, it ought to flourish there. Drink is easily come by in the Bowery, but there is no surplus there of refuges from the street where simple entertainment may be had at small cost and without moral or physical detriment.

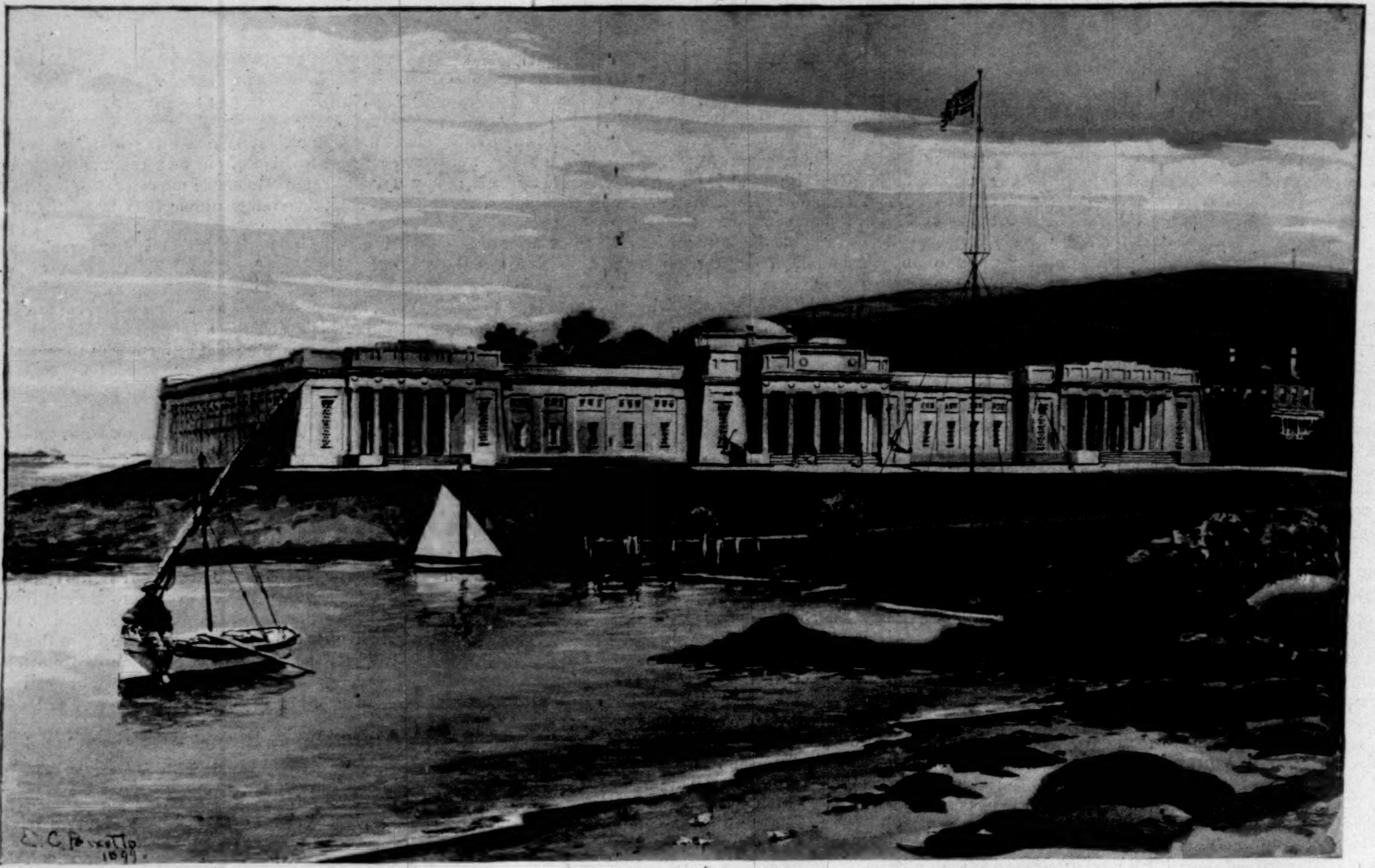
SOMETIME, perhaps, when Congress has leisure, it will vote a sword to Admiral Sampson. One has been voted to Admiral Dewey, so we know the thing can be done if the disposition to do it is strong enough. Admiral Dewey commanded the fleet that entered Manila Harbor and destroyed the ships of Admiral Montojo. That Congress should vote him a sword was seemly and opportune. He deserved that distinction. So does Admiral Sampson deserve it. Upon him rested the heaviest responsibility that fell to any naval officer during the war. From the beginning of the war he had very much to do, and he did it all admirably. He was vigilant, skilful, tireless, and made no mistakes. Finally he commanded the fleet that blockaded Santiago, destroyed Cervera's ships when they came out, and finished the war. Dewey's opportunity was not greater than Sampson's, nor better improved. Dewey's service was not more important than Sampson's, but, if anything, less important. To neglect to vote a sword to Sampson after voting one to Dewey is to neglect an act of simple justice, the omission of which amounts to a slight.

A NUMBER of interesting newspaper transfers and combinations have lately been announced in this part of the world. In Syracuse the *Standard* has made an alliance with one of its neighbors; in Albany the *Morning Express* has been sold to the *Press-Knickerbocker*, which now calls itself the *Press-Knickerbocker and Express*. In Hartford the *Post*, which was the organ of Private Secretary John Addison Porter, has passed out of his hands into the possession of two adventurous gentlemen from New Haven.

The newspaper business is one of the few important American industries which are still compelled to worry along without the encouragement and protection of a trust. Competition still rages in the newspaper world, qualified only by such forbearance as past experiences may have taught. In most branches of manufacture the cost of production has been constantly reduced, but newspapers seem to have let out in one place what they have saved in another, so that most of them cost much more to make than they did ten years ago. Most of them, too, have reduced their selling price from three cents to one or two cents, so perhaps the transfers and mergings that we read of should not excite surprise.

THE late Henry Clark Warren, the most recent benefactor of Harvard University, lived for many years a very retired life, but one that was more than commonly notable and admirable. He was the son of the late S. D. Warren, of Boston, paper-maker, widely known as an upright, sagacious, and public-spirited American. In consequence of a fall in infancy, Mr. Henry Warren had to start out on the voyage of life in a craft which was gravely and permanently damaged. Shut out by physical infirmities from most of the pleasures and occupations of ordinary men, he still showed himself the master of his fate. At Harvard, where he graduated in 1879, he made a special study of Sanscrit, which he continued in a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins. Settling down later at Cambridge, where he bought a house close by the college, he applied himself to the study of the religion and literature of Buddhism. One of the fruits of his labors is a volume of *Buddhism in Translations*, published by Harvard University in 1896. Another considerable work which he carried nearly to completion is the translation and annotation of the *Visuddhi-magga*. It is to be finished by Professor Lanman of Harvard, and published by the university.

Mr. Warren left various important legacies to Harvard University, among other things his house and real estate in Cambridge, which, owing to its location, is probably more welcome to the university than any estate of equal size in Cambridge.



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL TRAINING STATION, YERBA BUENA ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO.
W. M. POINDEXTER, ARCHITECT.—DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS.

Naval Training Station

A NEW naval training station for apprentices will be built on the Pacific coast. A site appropriate to the needs of such an institution has been chosen at Yerba Buena Island, near San Francisco, and plans have been drawn for a building which is a departure in design from the staid and forbidding structures of the past.

The growth of the nation, and the increasing demand for trained sailors in the Pacific and on the Atlantic station, together with the probability that the need would be still greater with the augmentation of the naval force in the vicinity of our new possessions, rendered it imperative that this government should establish and maintain on the Western coast a source of supply for men as well as the depots for material. The institution at Newport for the education of apprentices has proved of great value to the navy; it has furnished the expert gunners, and raised the dignity of the enlisted force. It has demonstrated its capacity to develop in the right direction to such an extent that there are propositions, which find favor with the administration, to make apprentices eligible to commissioned grades.

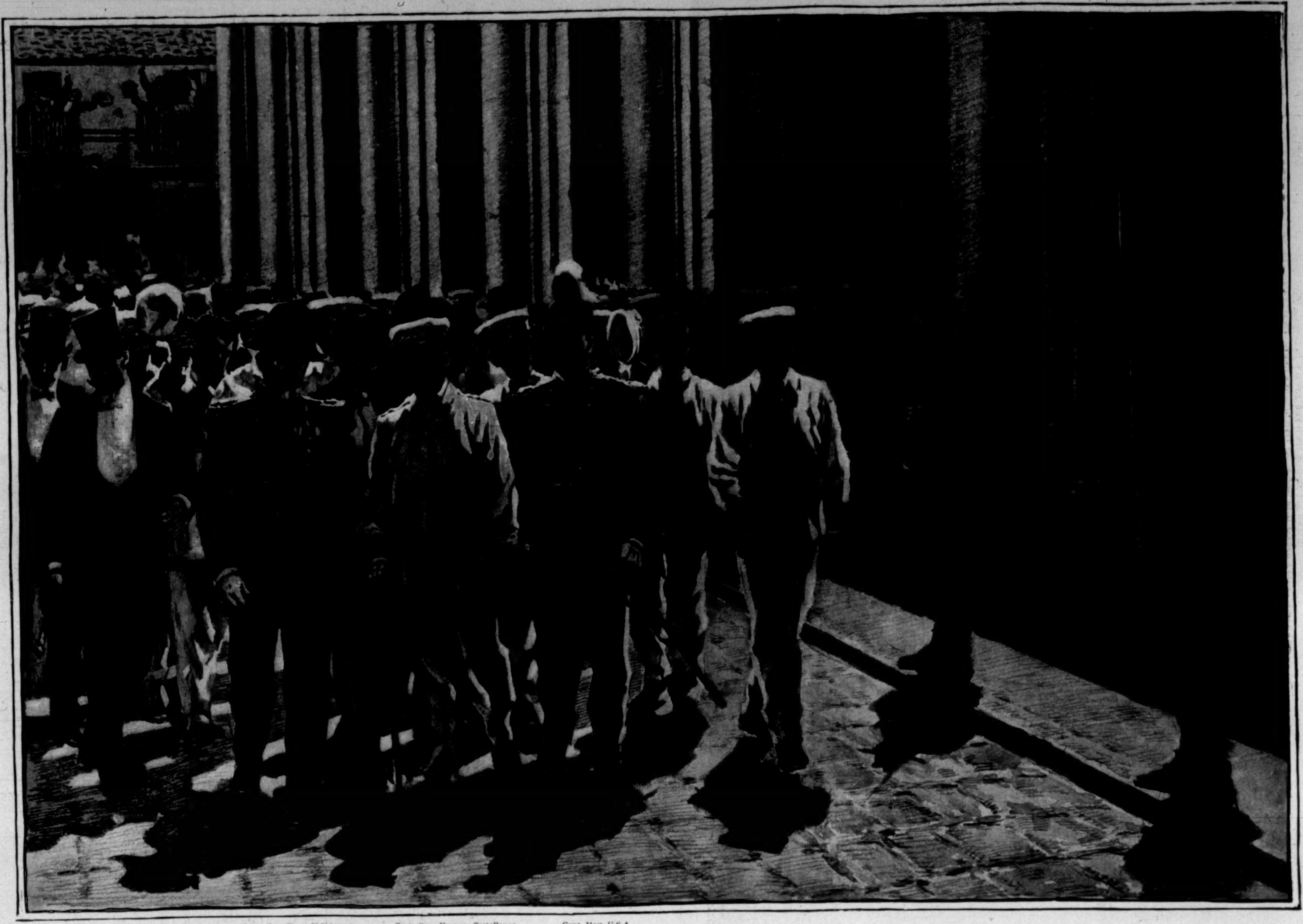
With such results as could be very easily traced to the apprentice station at Newport, it was not a difficult matter to secure an appropriation of $50,000 for a station of the same character at Yerba Buena, the total cost of which is not to exceed $100,000. Captain F. W. Dickins, of the navy, assistant chief of the Bureau of Navigation in Washington, was ordered to San Francisco for the purpose of selecting sites for the barracks for apprentices, officers' quarters, the best location for a wharf, and to arrange for the water-supply of the station. All these matters have been satisfactorily arranged, and the department has employed the services of Mr. Poindexter, architect, Washington, D.C., to draw up plans and specifications for the barracks and officers' quarters. This building, particularly in its interior design, is unique, as it is the only one, so far, that the government has built especially for barracks for training naval apprentices. The style of architecture of the building, which will be constructed of California red-wood and stucco, is Doric. The dimensions of the main building are 300 feet long by 60 feet wide, with wings at each end 100 feet long by 60 feet wide. The lower floor of the main building makes an immense drill-hall. In the wings, on the lower floor, are arranged a mess-hall, kitchen, bag-room, lavatory, bath-room, dressing-room, drying-room, schoolroom, library, offices, etc. The interior of the building is open directly to the roof. In the second story of the main building and in the wings there is an interior gallery 12 feet wide. This gallery is arranged for sleeping-quarters for the apprentices, and so arranged that they sleep in hammocks. All the arrangements are made with the view of conforming, as much as possible, to the routine of life on board ship.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEW YORK.

Senator Depew

IN the caucus of Republican members of the New York Legislature, held January 12, Chauncey M. Depew received a unanimous nomination for the office of United States Senator. On January 17 this action was approved by the votes of Senate and Assembly.

Mr. Depew was born in Peekskill, New York, April 23, 1834, and at the age of twenty-two graduated at Yale. Returning to his native village, he studied law in the office of William Nelson, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. During that year he served as delegate to the Republican State Convention, beginning the practice of the law in 1859. In 1861 he was elected to the Assembly from the Third Westchester County District. Re-elected in 1862, he was made Speaker *pro tempore;* two years later he was elected Secretary of State by a majority of 30,000. The post of United States minister to Japan was tendered to him by President Johnson, but the superior attractions of an important business connection led him to the decision to retire from political life. In 1866 he was appointed attorney for the New York and Harlem Railroad Company; in 1869 he came to hold the same relation to the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. In 1875 he became general counsel for the entire Vanderbilt system of railroads, and a director in each of the lines comprised in that system. In 1874 he was chosen Regent of the State University and a member of the Building Commission connected with the State Capitol. In 1882, when William H. Vanderbilt retired from the presidency of the New York Central, Mr. Depew became second vice-president, and three years later the presidency was conferred upon him. This position he retained until, at the time of Cornelius Vanderbilt's withdrawal from the chairmanship of the entire Vanderbilt system of railroads, he succeeded to this post. At the National Republican Convention of 1888 Mr. Depew was a candidate for the Presidential nomination, but withdrew his name when the Blaine vote went to Benjamin Harrison. For seven years he was president of the Union League Club of New York city, and on retiring was elected an honorary life member. The Yale Alumni Association chose him as its president for ten successive years. He is now president of the Republican Club, Regent of the University of the State of New York, member of the St. Nicholas, Holland, and Huguenot societies, and the New York Chamber of Commerce.


Brig.-Gen. Clous, U.S.A.
Capt.-Gen. Jimenez Castellanos.
Capt. Hart, U.S.A.

THE FINAL SCENE IN THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF HAVANA—CAPTAIN-GENERAL CASTELLANOS, HIS STAFF, AND THE SPANISH EVACUATION COMMISSIONERS LEAVING THE PALACE ON THEIR WAY TO TAKE SHIP FOR SPAIN.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora from a Sketch by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" in Cuba.

MUSIC

THE ILLOGICAL WAGNER

"In diesem Kampfe werden die Kräfte,
Sich mit mir messen und kühlen den Muth."
—*Die Willkur: oder ein Tag des Ringens.*

"Come, hang them on this line."
—*The Tempest.*

"The welfare of us all hangs on the cutting."
—*Henry VI., Part II.*

THE complete representation of Wagner's "Nibelungen Tetralogy" at the Metropolitan—sung without cuts for the first time in this country, and affording such casts as well may set all Wagnerian circles astare—will have passed through its first "cyclus" as these lines are on press. Nothing finer in the way of the vocal and dramatic exposition of Wagner's most voluminous—though by no means his best—master-work could be desired. The conducting of Mr. Schalk is adequate, and occasionally much better than that. The stage-mounting, as was promised, is wholly new, extremely beautiful—being nearly as artistic as at Munich, Baireuth, and other strongholds of Wagner, barring certain mechanical deficiencies of not much significance. The audiences have been exceedingly large, and as serious as the Tragic Muse or the Weeping Philosopher could desire. It is doubtful whether the "Trilogy and a Fore-Evening" will ever be given here again entire as to each scene, and without those wise omissions that Wagner expressly desired when the work was to be sung out of his own Wagner Theatre. The critical sentiment of the more authoritative press, and of the more experienced and perceptive Wagnerists here, has been flatly opposed to it. It harms the sacred Tetralogic cause. Curiosity has been rather lured to this cyclus, so far, by it. But the magnificent casts for each evening announced by Mr. Grau, and other obvious attractions, could have dispensed with such a plan of Wagner "rolling in unwieldly bulk." Even the more curious and determined Wagnerian curiosity has yawned like *Fafner* himself at performances demanding five hours, even liberal intermissions seeming derisory!

MME. EUGENIA MANTELLI,

Soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.

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An annalist whose lines are straitly meted out cannot in a few paragraphs give the details of honor and enthusiasm that one would like to give to such exquisitely artistic performances. Many, many readers will not care for further admiration marks at the beautiful, the wonderful, or the wonderful *and* beautiful, episodes in the vast and ever-impressive Tetralogy. Such passages, known to us by heart, as the opening Rhine Scene, the Gods' entrance into Walhalla, the passionate Love Duet between *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde*, *Brünnhilde's* Appearance to *Siegmund*, and *Wotan's* Farewell to her; *Siegfried's* Forest Revery, the Awakening of *Brünnhilde*; three or four episodes, artistic and lofty, occurring in "Die Götterdämmerung"—they are true Wagnerian gold, brighter than the Rhine's gold. But Wagnerian triumphs somehow beget astonishing and thoughtless praises for the literary and dramatic basis of the Tetralogy, for its amazingly crabbed diction, and for its "coherent," "logical" structure as a whole. In hearing such qualities given to Wagner as a playwright, in hearing such honors paid to a crude and clumsy Scandinavian mythology, as compared with the divine world of the Greeks, or even of the Hindoos, a halt may well be called at this appropriate hour. Wagner as a great musician need not be discussed now. But never was a more clumsy, undignified, dramatically illogical creation than the "book" of the Ring, than the Wagnerian Pantheon, than this Ring drama, as a scheme of drama. It does its Wagnerian office well. But to defend its internal construction is folly, or ignorance.

"Das Rheingold" as a Logical Drama.

Let us look a moment at the "Rheingold" and "Walküre" only for illustrations. The other dramas may wait. We hear *Wotan* called the noble, the central and supreme figure of the whole Tetralogy. So Wagner has, in a way, certainly made him seem. But *Loge*, the invincible *Loge*, who "advised" the short-sighted *Wotan* to those silly treaties with the giants, to those pacts that no sensible god ever should have made—*Loge*, a secondary god at best, is the real moving power throughout the Ring dramas. He is brought into very poor Wagnerian relief—a first error. Let us, however, assume that *Wotan is* the wise All-Father, a ruler of creation, to be respected and pitied. Of all fat-witted, short-sighted, inconsistent, feeble rulers of gods and men, *Wotan* is the chief! He knows perfectly the dangers of the Ring to be forged of the Gold. Whom does he set to watch the Gold? Not spells nor monsters. He turns it over to three flirting naiads, helpless as babies, and garrulous as parroquets, sure to blab *Wotan's* life-and-death secret to the first comer—as they do! Again, only a being who "resigns love" can possess the Gold and Ring. Now *Wotan* distinctly tells *Brünnhilde* (in "Die Walküre") that, long before the Ring was a necessity to the Æsir, he himself had entirely renounced love! Why, then, could not *Wotan* himself seize the Gold, make the Ring, and rule and save his destiny and the other Gods by it? And just here let us observe that any part of the mass of the Gold, apparently, might be made into another Ring. Nobody knows just what became of the residue of the lump not so used, except so far as the Rhine-Gold is mixed into more massy articles, which ought to have some virtue of the original gold in them—if judiciously melted over again. That point, however, is relatively a trifle; let us concede its smallness cheerfully.

Again, *Alberich* appears, and, by "renouncing" love, takes the Gold. "Renounces?" *Alberich* cannot get within arm's-length of the Rhine-Daughters. *Alberich* is so hideous that no female or male creature can tolerate his sight. One would call *Alberich's* "renunciation" "sour grapes," or a kind of papal non possumus. It is a sham; it is ridiculous. Moreover, the Nibelungs could not invade the water-world. They had no business nor potency there. They were not deities, but gross earth beings, hampered by many ordinary mortal shortcomings in dealing with the earth's elements. How, then, can *Alberich* be a free agent for mischief when he descends into the Rhine-flood? He cannot be so. He cannot get there. More important to query is how the Ring, by *Alberich's* angry curse, can prove malignant? How can *Alberich* undo its original and other charm? He is not an immortal. *Alberich* curses the Ring, too, after he has had it pulled away. *Alberich* may curse till the chickens—or *Wotan's* ravens—go home to roost, without a logical effect on the original virtues of the Ring. This one *non sequitur* makes the whole course of the Tetralogy shaky to tumbling, in so far as its being rationally developed. But there are dozens more of such examples of its bad gluing, as the dramas following "Das Rheingold" will reveal.

A Ring of Weakness, not Power.

Let us just scrutinize for a moment another vital matter—how the Ring bears out its character for conferring invincible power. As Mr. Jules Roche, the French critic, so justly observes in a most lucid study (for which I beg to make grateful acknowledgments here), no sooner does anybody get the Ring than it is a Ring not of Power, but of Weakness! It paralyzes cunning, force, purity, everything. *Alberich* is dragged from Nibelheim with it on his very finger, and he tries not even a shift to keep it. It cannot protect him from being bound by *Loge* nor against *Wotan*. It does not add enough power to *Wotan*, to *Fasolt*, to *Fafner*, to poor *Brünnhilde*, to *Gunther*, to *Siegfried* himself, to stay the course of death, shame, and impotent misfortune in every particular. No, you cannot prove nor argue that the curse of *Alberich* has so altered its charm. A pretty talisman of "power," truly! There is, furthermore, no sufficiently logical reason for its ever reverting to the Rhine-maidens and the Rhine. It will perish when the world is burnt—Walhalla fired. One would think, too, that *Erda* might have one of her enlightening encyclicals to deliver, and so make those three light water-ladies a bit serious in putting the Ring to use in averting a world-catastrophe once they got the Ring back. But as for *Erda*, she is as illogical in her care for the interests of *Wotan* (an old flame, the father of their eight children, the Valkyrior) as she is preachy. She is the Nibelungen Mrs. Too Late, with her "I didn't tell you so! You didn't ask! What can you expect? Auf wiedersehen!"

The Mystic Sword.

Viâ Baireuth came the Sword. Is the Sword made of the Gold? Apparently; or why—unless merely on the metal of its hilt!—is it part of the Nibelungen Treasure? If so, it were as well a sword of lath. But we know, later, that it is made of magical steel, and that it is a counter-charm of vast value in the drama. Now why does *Fafner*, the cunning, care so little for the Sword as to cast it lightly aside? He has grasped at every atom of the Treasure. Even *Wotan* picks the Sword up as an accident, a plum; does so as one crying: "See what a great god am I. This shall save us." It is not more easy to see whence the Sword's powers are got than to trace its origin. Yet the Sword is an indispensable link in the Tetralogy.

"Die Walküre" as Play-carpentry.

In "Die Walküre," Wagner's dramatic inconsistencies are partly those original to his mythological basis; but in part wholly his own. We have *Wotan* as hen-pecked, nonplussed, and ineffective a god as ever could be and be a god; badgered by *Fricka*, not a common scold, but an uncommon one. And *Fricka*, a wise, just goddess, is so senseless that she cannot sacrifice her jealousy and rights as Hymen to her very existence. But *Wotan* and Wagner earlier than the first scene of "Die Walküre" are consummately absurd in conduct. Only a free mortal, a *real* mortal, can aid *Wotan*. We find that he, nevertheless, had actually expected a half-god, his son, to be his help! This is a lack of common-sense worthy of Laputa. But, more than that, *Wotan* the Wise expects to be aided by *Siegmund*, after taking no care of him during a perilous youth; and now expects his help by allowing him to commit exactly the sin certain to make *Fricka* exact any man's death. Of *Sieglinde*, also *Wotan's* child, the Father of Power has been wholly neglectful in ordinary paternal warding, and in precaution of her possible share in the plots to come. Of course the criminal love of the Twins is cursed. It must be expiated. By-the-bye, when did *Wotan*, as a Wölfing, "promise" to *Siegmund* that Sword? Surely a pledge of such future weight is lightly brought to our knowledge—merely by a phrase from *Siegmund*. As for the after-work of "Die Walküre," as a series of episodes, why, it is powerfully effective when taken at its best; but as a coherent drama it will not hold water. *Brünnhilde*, by her splendid disobedience, never could offend a father whose godlike existence depends on such interference. No law obliged *Wotan* to do anything but thank *Brünnhilde* for her good judgment, and be joyful in her alliance. Instead, *Brünnhilde*, the creation who appeals most to us all, about whom there is cast the suggestion of divine, tender heroism, is rated like a thieving servant for her impulsiveness, and handed over to fate like a Boulevard trollope. Why does not *Erda*, the lady of the Underground Railway, put in her oar in this critical situation? Again, why does *Loge* at all obey *Wotan*—he need not do so—and protect *Brünnhilde* by fire?—*Loge*, the enemy of the gods, an all-embracing malice! What bad carpentry is here! Compare it with Æschylus. Compare it with Kalidasa!

So much—though more might be noted—for the absolute incoherence and quite incomprehensible stuff of only the outset, the first members of the Ring. On such an unsound basis a masterful genius has reared an astonishing work. Great in spite of their structural weakness and crudeness, and outrageous German diction, are both "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre." But they are great in spite of their dramatic feebleness of conduct, not because of their strength. We are enchanted, not awed, by the noble and firm in a master-work with feet of clay.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

DRAMA

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, and otherwise unpleasant, the woman of the present on Broadway is the woman of a past. At the Garrick, Mrs. Leslie Carter is trailing her skirts through four acts of Gallic mire toward the ascension robe of white that Mr. David Belasco has considerately arranged for her in the last act. At Wallack's, Miss Olga Nethersole is resurrecting *Paula Tanqueray* and *La Dame aux Camélias*.

***Zaza* and *Paula Tanqueray*.**

Last week we paid our respects to the Belasconian scheme of morality that seeks to edify us with the apotheosis of a guttersnipe; we know now what it is to be a woman of "easy virtue"! This week we have the antidote—such as it is—of the woman in whose life the struggle after respectability became a tragedy. If any one is still under the delusion that Pinero's masterpiece is corrosive of good morals, let him consider the two pieces well. The gravest charge that can be urged against "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is that it makes the drama a mere vehicle for the solution of a social problem, and for the reading of the moral corollary. If the charge is true, the case is serious; for the end of art—we owe the definition to *Hamlet*—is to put us in touch with the vital streams of human life; and this end is as much more significant than the other as life itself is more significant than the sphere of the pedagogue.

The Problem of the Problem Play.

Historically, no doubt, Pinero's masterpiece is to be traced in its origin to the school of French drama that produced the younger Dumas, and no influence was stronger in its shaping than the influence of Ibsen; it will always, perhaps, be ticketed as a problem play. It is open to question, however, if the point is not already granted, that both Dumas and Ibsen are far more the artist than the moralist; and it is one of the subtle ironies of the drama that in proportion as a play succeeds in solving a moral problem it ceases to be a problem play. No play shows this better than "Tanqueray." Let us grant that Pinero set out to prove that a woman's past is her present and her future. His first task is to make his

ERNEST VAN DYCK,

As *Loge* in "Das Rheingold."

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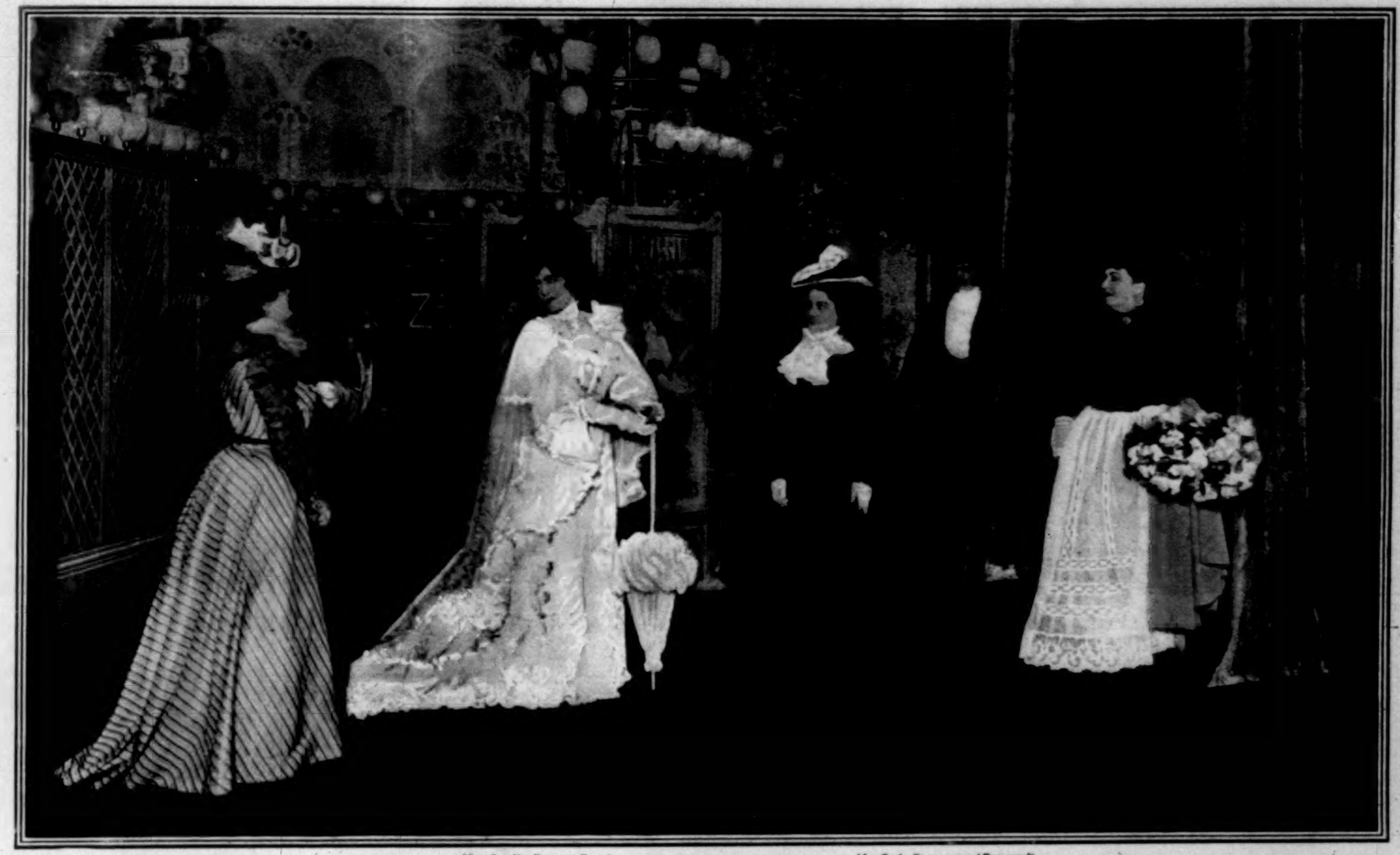


Mrs. Leslie Carter (*Zaza*). Mr. C. A. Stevenson (*Bernard*).

THE REDEMPTION OF *ZAZA*—MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN ACT V. OF "ZAZA" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

A young actress asks *Zaza* the secret of her success. She answers that she has lived and suffered. She then meets *Bernard*, after a separation of two years, and sends him home to his wife.

woman the epitome of all that goes to make up the nature of a wanton; and in doing this he has to probe deep into the heart of woman nature: all that distinguishes *Paula* from *Cleopatra* is her modern British craving for respectability. And then, in order to make her defeat convincing, it is necessary to show us society and virtue in their most vital phases. What could be more suggestive of British society than those distant Cortelyon chimneys; of British virtue than the soul of *Ellean Tanqueray!* We are already in the heart of the world of real passions, of real people; the currents of vitality are so strong that one must be a pedagogue indeed if his mind is still occupied with any abstract problem of the conflict between Vice and Society. Whatever the intention of the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in effect it is a strong, rich work of art. The only debt of importance it owes to Dumas is its impeccable dramatic structure and its brilliant dialogue; the only debt of importance it owes to Ibsen is the intensity of its dramatic motive. In effect it is a problem play only as "Macbeth" or "Antony and Cleopatra" is a problem play. Shakspere may have intended to show us the corrosive effects of a selfish ambition, or the enervating effects of wanton love. Who cares?

The Moral and the Drama.

In the case of Pinero, the grappling with his problem seems to have raised him above himself as a dramatist. In such plays as "The Princess and the Butterfly" and "Trelawny of the Wells," where the sole intention is obviously—and so successfully!—the spectator's amusement, he has failed to realize the austerity of the dramatic motives he is working with. The middle-aged *Princess* marries her youthful lover, the middle-aged *Butterfly* marries his girlish ward, and we are to suppose that nobody is troubled with incompatibility of temper; *Trelawny* brings Cavendish Square out of itself to dwell before the foot-lights, and we are to suppose that there are no jars, no regrets. To realize how much possibility of drama has been sacrificed to the "happy" endings of these two very pleasant plays one has only to feel again the breathless power of "Tanqueray." The greater vitality of the dramatic situation here quite obviously comes from the greater austerity with which the author treats his motive—from the fact, if you will, that he is dealing with a moral. One would put up with a thousand morals if they lent a dramatist such allegiance to the truth of life and of art! The tragedy of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is a play of immeasurably greater depth and import, as well as of greater literary grace, than Mr. Belasco's perversion of "Zaza." Little by little, it seems to me, it must come to be known as the great English play of the present generation.

Miss Nethersole as *Paula Tanqueray*.

Miss Nethersole's *Paula* takes especial interest from the fact that the part is said to have originally been written for her. The result shows the difference between Pinero and the authors of "The Termagant." The excesses of acting that made Miss Nethersole's *Beatrix* so painful have very little scope indeed in the well-modulated scenes of "Tanqueray." It is true that in the breakfast scene, where a more restrained actor would have shown the power of reserve, she eats a biscuit in huge mouthfuls, and seems so agitated by the fact that she tosses the crumbs madly in the air; and it is true that the result of all this is to lessen one's sense of the main effect of the scene—the silent, corrosive stupidity of respectable life. It may be objected, also, that Miss Nethersole lacks the discrimination to take advantage of the almost infinite variety of effect possible to the part. In the opening act she misses the engaging honesty, the pathetic effort at sincerity, with which *Paula* tenders *Aubrey* the records of her past; and when she sits down to her supper on *Aubrey's* fruits, one feels the wanton impulse that makes her like them "especially when they are expensive," but one does not feel the pathos of the lonely lodging from which she has come to him dinnerless. As the play proceeds to the simpler and more moving scenes, however, Miss Nethersole is at her best. Whenever the vital chord is struck, she responds with distinction and with power. One feels all the bitterness of her love for "Saint Ellean," and the rank wantonness of her nature that instinctively repels the young girl. That is the master motive of the play, as strange as it is profound, and Miss Nethersole interprets it with a conviction impossible except to sheer genius. The spell of her acting lingers long after the memory of her defective methods is lost. If Mrs. Carter has the technical methods of Bernhardt, Miss Nethersole has the wings of her inspiration.

Miss Cissy Loftus and her Imitations.

Miss Cissy Loftus, the newly arrived English mimic, is known in private life as Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy, and she is that Cecelia to whom Mr. McCarthy has dedicated his prose translation of "Omar Khayyâm." She was first made famous in America by the fact that she pluckily refused to appear at the variety theatre for which she was booked, because one of the turns at the theatre was notoriously indecent. She made her way to the rival house of Messrs. Weber & Fields, who always "dare to be as funny as they can," and never to be as wicked. In air and in manner Miss Loftus is as winsome and as distinguished by womanly feeling as Miss Annie Russell—one can say no more than that! She imitates the leading women, and some of the men, of the comic-opera stage in England and America. The range of her voice seems impossibly great, and the variety of her gestures is inexhaustible; she has her victims down cold. But the really notable fact is that all of her imitations have so intimate a touch of her own individuality that they are for the moment more amusing than the originals could possibly be. She is like Coquelin's peasant that squealed so much more artistically than the pig that he was justly awarded the prize. This touch of artistic feeling is as rare to our variety stage as it is refreshing; the grace and refinement of Miss Loftus's manner seem strange enough through the opalescence of tobacco smoke. In addition to her Music Hall turns, Miss Loftus is to appear in a play written for her by Mr. McCarthy.

JOHN CORBIN.

Affairs in the Philippines

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

[The following letter, just received from our special correspondent, is of special interest to-day, in view of the recent capture of Iloilo by the insurgents, which, it will be noted, Mr. Bass foresaw.—EDITOR.]

MANILA, *December 7, 1898.*

SO eager is the Spanish population to make trouble between the Filipinos and Americans that many of the ten thousand Spaniards at present prisoners of the insurgents are voluntarily enlisting in the insurgent army and Spanish officers are drilling native troops.

Every one believes that we shall have to fight the natives, and that at no very distant time. As soon as the insurgent leaders learn that the United States intends to take some of the plums herself, the critical moment will have arrived. It is the fashion to underestimate the fighting capacity of the insurgent; not the insurgent of two years ago, armed only with a knife, but the insurgent of to-day, armed with Mauser rifle and quick-firing gun, and trained by the drill-masters of the Spanish army. In addition to these advantages the insurgents have gained confidence. Aguinaldo has succeeded in establishing a very fair government, based not on any respect for law, but on the far stronger, if less durable, basis of superstitious veneration for his own person. The Tagalo countrymen have very much the same sort of feeling for Aguinaldo that Napoleon's soldiers had for him. Often Filipinos have told me how, in battle, bullets would strike on Aguinaldo's forehead and glance harmlessly off.

There is not much doubt that, if their leaders say so, these Filipinos will fight us as they fought the Spaniards; not in the open, but in the jungle, driven from swamp to swamp, and picking off our men one at a time. A Spanish captain remarked to me the other day,

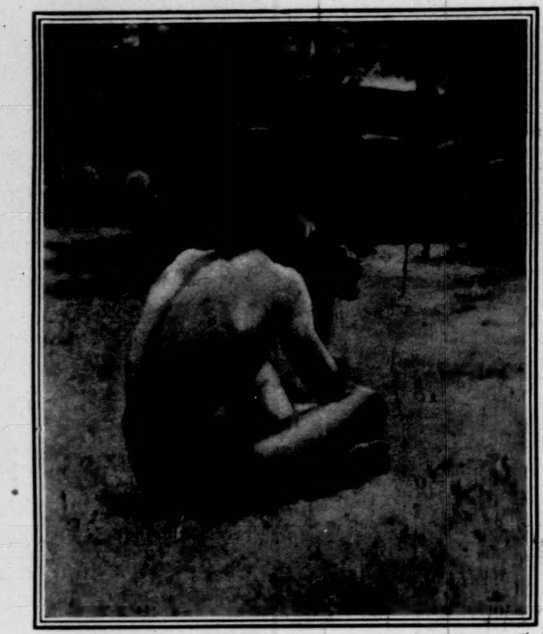
"With eight hundred men at my command, in the province of Cavité alone, an army of fifteen thousand could not catch me, and I would guarantee to kill twenty men a day."

There is a rumor among the wise ones in town that Aguinaldo intends to attack us in ten days. The first movement is to be an uprising of the natives in the town itself, followed by an attack from without by 40,000 men of the insurgent army. As if in confirmation of this rumor, a large number of "bolos," or knives, have been discovered collected in various places about town. While I do not believe that the insurgents have screwed their courage to the point of attacking us in our stronghold, still the rumor shows the way the wind is blowing. Lately parties of American officers have been arrested and held in the insurgents lines for trivial or imaginary transgressions.

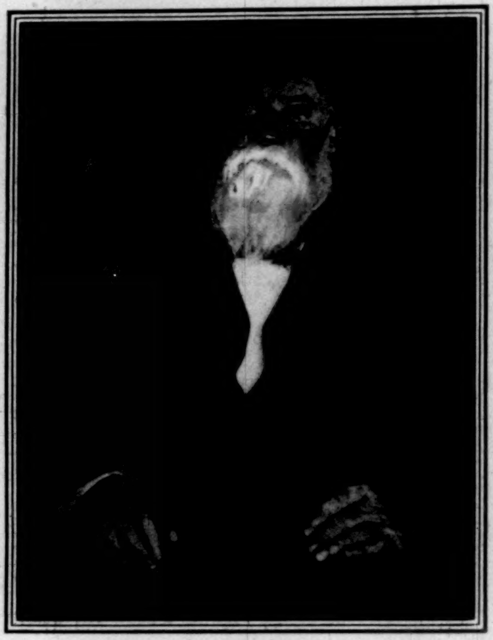
In one respect our position is not so strong as was that of the Spaniards, for they had a strong Filipino party on their side, and a number of native troops, who remained faithful throughout the fight, whereas we have not had time to form a native American party. Much to my surprise, the richer Filipino merchants in town, who some weeks ago, when it was uncertain whether or not the United States would take the islands from Spain, were strongly philamerican, now openly declare that they are not in favor of annexation. Our strongest hold was on the richer classes.

We have before us the prospect of a more or less severe campaign in a country where the roads are nearly impassable to infantry and absolutely impassable to artillery, where it is impossible to deploy on account of impenetrable jungle. There is only one way to subjugate a country of this kind, and that is by the building of good, durable roads. The construction, maintenance, and protection of roads in these islands mean the expenditure of millions of dollars.

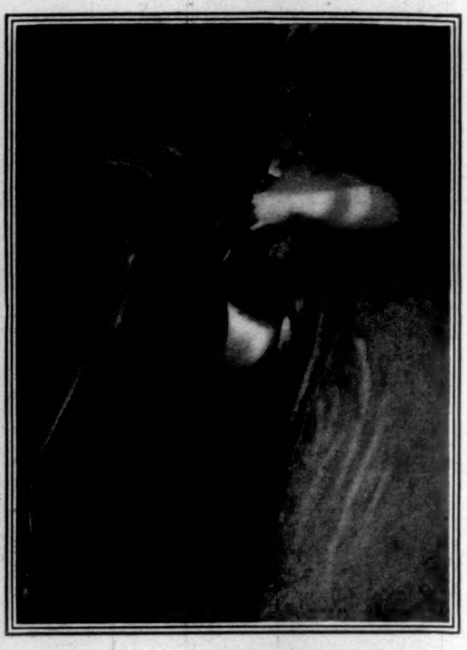
Just at present the centre of interest continues to be Iloilo. There are eight hundred white Spanish troops defending the town against some twenty thousand insurgents, who may at any moment break the thin Spanish line and sack the town. Every night the insurgents attack the Spanish trenches at Molo, just out of Iloilo, but so far these attacks have been successfully repulsed, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. These insurgents about Iloilo are in touch with Aguinaldo, and directly under his orders.



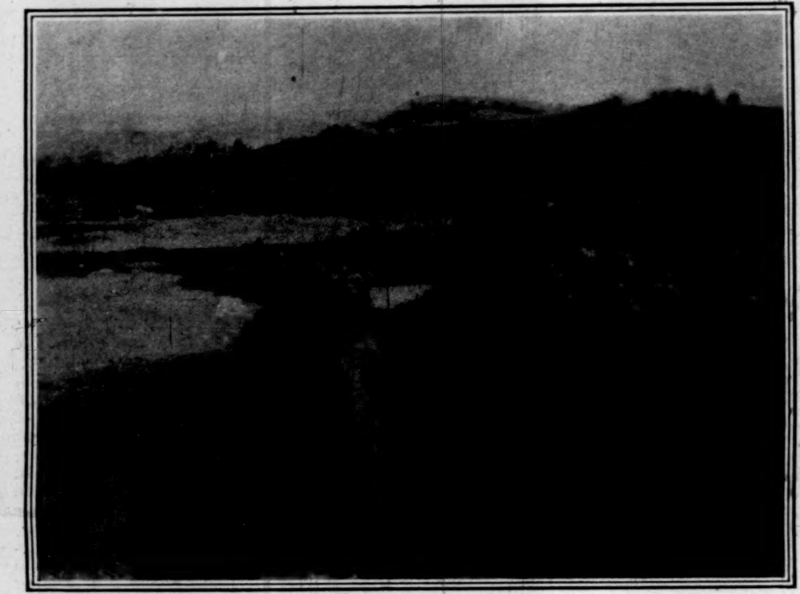
"PIPING SHEPHERD."—Anna Lea Merritt.



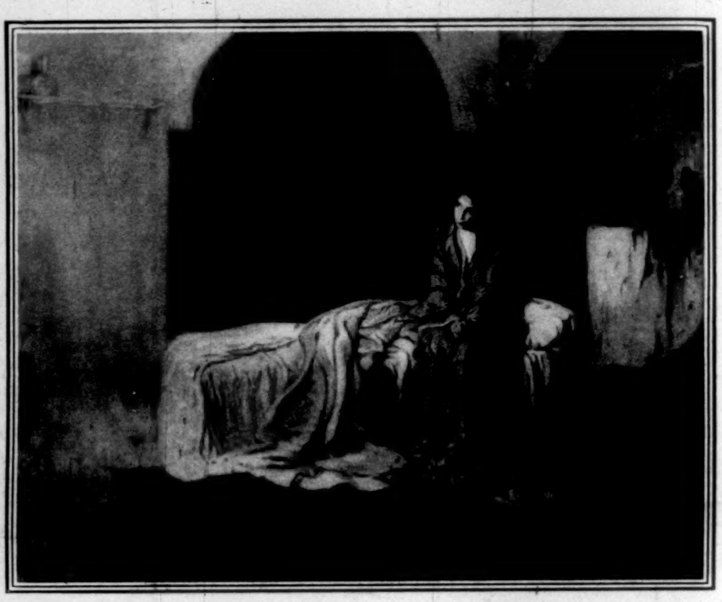
"CAP'N PETER TURNER."—Philip Hale.



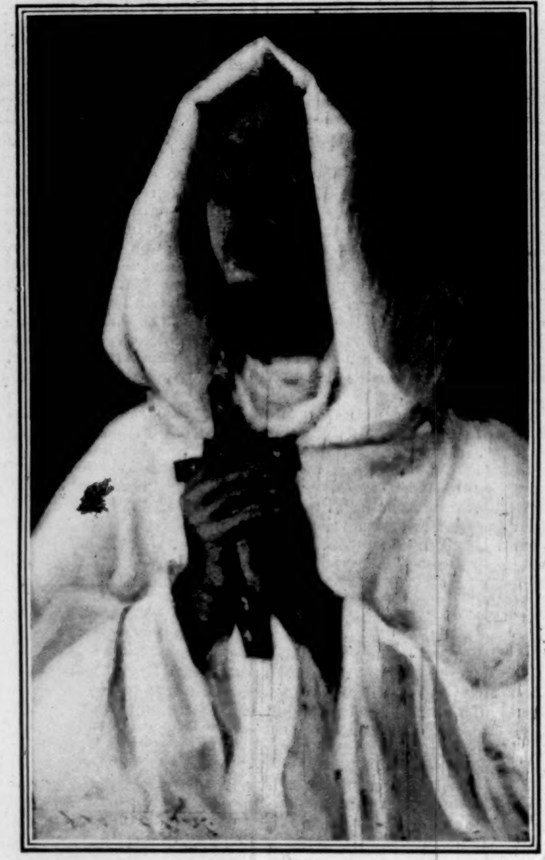
"A RAY OF SUNLIGHT."—John W. Alexander.



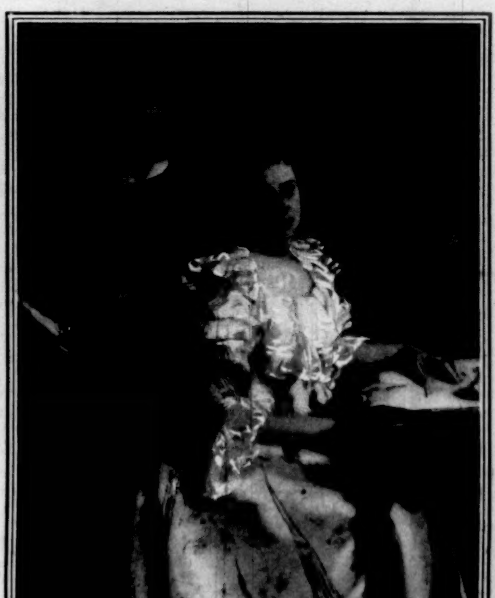
"LANDSCAPE."—Charles A. Platt.



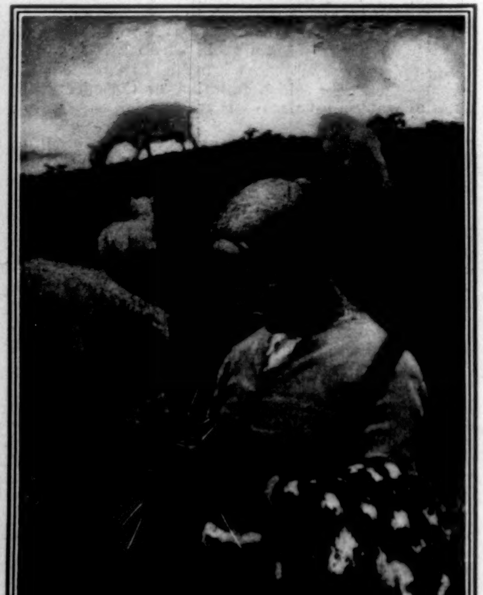
"THE ANNUNCIATION."—H. O. Tanner.



"DEVOTION."—W. M. Chase.



"A PORTRAIT."—Cecelia Beaux.



"AUDREY."—Gari Melchers.

PHILADELPHIA—FROM THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

[See Page 102.]

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

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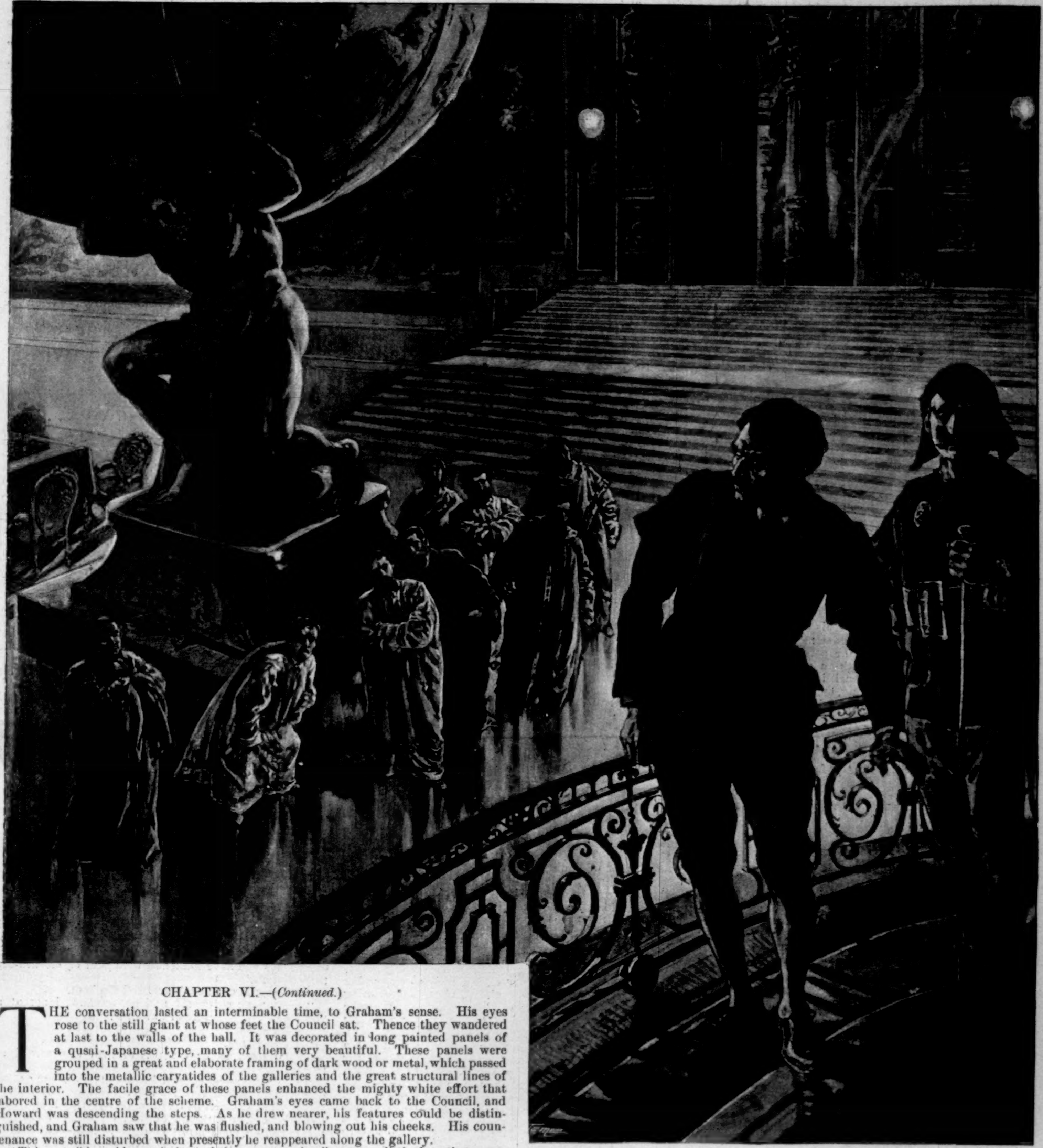

"GRAHAM SAW THE WHITE-ROBED COUNCIL STILL STANDING IN A CLOSE GROUP AND LOOKING AT HIM."

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

THE conversation lasted an interminable time, to Graham's sense. His eyes rose to the still giant at whose feet the Council sat. Thence they wandered at last to the walls of the hall. It was decorated in long painted panels of a qusai-Japanese type, many of them very beautiful. These panels were grouped in a great and elaborate framing of dark wood or metal, which passed into the metallic caryatides of the galleries and the great structural lines of the interior. The facile grace of these panels enhanced the mighty white effort that labored in the centre of the scheme. Graham's eyes came back to the Council, and Howard was descending the steps. As he drew nearer, his features could be distinguished, and Graham saw that he was flushed, and blowing out his cheeks. His countenance was still disturbed when presently he reappeared along the gallery.

"This way," he said, concisely, and they went on in silence to a little door that opened at their approach. The two men in red stopped on either side of this door. Howard and Graham passed in, and Graham, glancing back, saw the white-robed Council still standing in a close group and looking at him. Then the door closed behind him with a heavy thud, and for the first time since his awakening he was in silence. The floor, even, was noiseless to his feet.

Howard opened another door, and they were in the first of two contiguous little chambers furnished in white and green.

"What Council was that?" began Graham. "What were they discussing? What have they to do with me?"

Howard closed the door carefully, heaved a huge sigh, and said something in an undertone. He walked slantingways across the room and turned, blowing out his cheeks again. "Ugh!" he grunted, a man relieved.

"You must understand," began Howard, abruptly, avoiding Graham's eyes, "that our social order is very complex. A half-explanation, a bare unqualified statement, would give you false impressions. As a matter of fact—it is a case of compound interest, partly—your small fortune, and the fortune of your cousin Warming which was left to you—and certain other beginnings—have become very considerable. And in other ways, that will be hard for you to understand, you have become a person of significance—of very considerable significance—involved in the world's affairs."

He stopped.

"Yes?" said Graham.

"We have grave social troubles."

"Yes?"

"Things have come to such a pass that, in fact, it is advisable to seclude you here."

"Keep me prisoner!" exclaimed Graham.

"Well—to ask you to keep in seclusion."

Graham turned on him. "This is strange!" he said.

"No harm will be done you."

"No harm!"

"But you must be kept here—"

"While I learn my position, I presume."

"Precisely."

"Very well, then. Begin. Why *harm?*"

"Not now."

"Why not?"

"It is too long a story, sire."

"All the more reason I should begin at once. You say I am a person of importance. What was that shouting I heard? Why is a great multitude shouting and excited because my trance is over, and who are the men in white in that huge council-chamber?"

"All in good time, sire," said Howard. "But not crudely, not crudely. This is one of those flimsy times when no man has a settled mind. Your awakening—no one expected your awakening. The Council is consulting."

"What Council?"

"The Council you saw."

"This is not right," Graham said. "I should be told what is happening."

"You must wait. Really you must wait."

"I suppose, since I have waited so long to resume life," he said, shortly, "that I must wait a little longer."

"That is better," said Howard. "Yes, that is much better. And I must leave you, while I attend the discussion in the Council. . . . I am sorry."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

He went towards the noiseless door, hesitated, and vanished.

Graham walked to the door, tried it, found it securely fastened in some way he never came to understand, turned about, paced the room restlessly, made the circuit of the room, and sat down. He remained sitting for some time with folded arms and knitted brow, biting his finger-nails and trying to piece together the kaleidoscopic impressions of this first hour of awakened life—the vast mechanical spaces; the endless series of chambers and passages; the great struggle that roared and splashed through these strange ways; the little group of remote, unsympathetic men beneath the colossal Atlas; Howard's mysterious behavior. There was an inkling of some vast inheritance already in his mind—a vast inheritance, perhaps misapplied—of some unprecedented importance and opportunity. What had he to do? And this room's secluded silence was eloquent of imprisonment!

It came into Graham's mind with irresistible conviction that this series of magnificent impressions was a dream. He tried to shut his eyes, and succeeded, but that time-honored device led to no awakening.

Presently he began to touch and examine all the unfamiliar appointments of the two contiguous chambers in which he found himself.

In a long oval panel of mirror he saw himself, and stopped, astonished. He was clad now in a graceful costume of purple and bluish-white, his hair, its black streaked now with bands of gray, arranged over his forehead in an unfamiliar but graceful manner. He seemed a man of five-and-forty perhaps. For a moment he did not perceive this was himself.

A flash of laughter came with the recognition. "To call on old Warming like this," he exclaimed, "and make him take me out to lunch!"

Then he thought of meeting first one and then another of the few familiar acquaintances of his early manhood, and in the midst of his amusement realized that every soul with whom he might jest had died many scores of years ago. The thought smote him abruptly and keenly; he stopped short, the expression of his face changed to a white consternation.

The tumultuous memory of the moving platforms and the huge façade of the wonderful street reasserted itself. The shouting multitudes came back clear and vivid, and those remote, inaudible, unfriendly councillors in white glancing towards him. He felt himself a little figure, very small and ineffectual, pitifully conspicuous. And all about him the world was—strange.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SILENT ROOMS.

PRESENTLY Graham resumed his examination of his apartments. Curiosity kept him moving, in spite of his fatigue. The inner room, he perceived, was high, and its ceiling dome-shaped, with an oblong aperture in the centre opening into a funnel, in which a wheel of broad vanes seemed to be rotating, apparently driving the air up the shaft. The faint humming note of its easy motion was the only clear sound in that quiet place. As these vanes sprang up, one after the other, Graham could get transient glimpses of the sky. He was surprised to see a star.

This drew his attention to the fact that the bright lighting of these rooms was due to a multitude of very faint glow lamps set about the cornices. There were no windows. And he began to recall that along all the vast chambers and passages he had traversed with Howard he had observed no windows at all. Had there been windows? There were windows on the street indeed, but were they for light? Or was the whole city lit day and night for evermore, so that there was no night there? He could not clearly determine this at the time, but afterwards he found the latter alternative was the case.

And another thing dawned upon him. There was no fireplace in either room. Was the season summer, and were these merely summer apartments, or was the whole city uniformly heated or cooled? He became interested in these questions; began examining the smooth texture of the walls, the simply constructed bed, the ingenious arrangements by which the labor of bedroom service was practically abolished. The air was sweet and pleasing, and free from any sense of dust. And over everything was a curious absence of deliberate ornament, a bare grace of form and color, that he found very pleasing to the eye. There were several comfortable chairs; a light table, on silent runners, carrying several bottles of fluids, and glasses, and two plates bearing a clear substance like jelly. Then he noticed there were no books, no newspapers, no writing materials. "The world has changed indeed!" he said.

He observed one entire side of the outer room was set with rows of peculiar double cylinders in racks inscribed with green lettering on white that harmonized with the decorative scheme of the room, and in the centre of this side projected a little apparatus about a yard square, and having a white smooth face to the room. A chair faced this. He had a transitory idea that these cylinders might be books, or a modern substitute for books, but at first it did not seem so.

The lettering on the cylinders puzzled him. At first sight it seemed like Russian. Then he noticed a suggestion of mutilated English about certain of the words.

"θi Mañ huwdbi Kiγ,"

forced itself on him as, "The Man who would be King." "Phonetic spelling," he said. He remembered reading a story with that title; then he recalled the story vividly—one of the best stories in the world. But this thing before him was not a book as he understood it.

He puzzled over the peculiar cylinder for some time and replaced it. Then he turned to the square apparatus and examined that. He opened a sort of lid and found one of the double cylinders within, and on the upper edge a little stud like the stud of an electric bell. He pressed this, and a rapid clicking began and ceased. He became aware of voices and music, and noticed a play of color on the smooth front face. He suddenly realized what this might be, and stepped back to regard it.

On the flat surface was now a little picture, very vividly colored, and in this picture were figures that moved. Not only did they move, but they were conversing in clear small voices. It was exactly like reality viewed through an inverted opera-glass and heard through a long tube. His interest was seized at once by the situation, which presented a man pacing up and down and vociferating angry things to a pretty but petulant-looking woman. Both were in the picturesque costume that seemed so strange to Graham. "I have worked," said the man, "but what have you been doing?"

"Ah!" said Graham. He forgot everything else and sat down in the chair. Within five minutes he heard himself named, heard "when the Sleeper wakes" used jestingly as a proverb for remote postponement, and passed himself by, a thing remote and incredible. But in a little while he knew those two people like intimate friends.

At last the miniature drama came to an end, and the square face of the apparatus was blank again.

It was a strange world into which he had been permitted to see, unscrupulous, pleasure-seeking, energetic, subtle; a world, too, of dire economic struggle. There were allusions he did not understand, incidents that conveyed strange suggestions of altered moral ideals, flashes of dubious enlightenment. The blue canvas that bulked so largely in his first impression of the city ways appeared again and again as the costume of the common people. He had no doubt the story was contemporary, and its intense realism was undeniable. And the end had been a tragedy that oppressed him. He sat staring at the blankness.

He started and rubbed his eyes. He had been so absorbed in the latter-day substitute for a novel that he awoke to the little green and white room with more than a touch of the surprise of his first awakening.

He stood up, and abruptly he was back in his own wonder-land. The clearness of the kinetoscope drama passed, and the struggle in the vast place of streets, the ambiguous Council, the swift phases of his waking hour, came back. These people had spoken of the Council with suggestions of a vague universality of power. And they had spoken of the Sleeper. It had really not struck him vividly at the time that he was the Sleeper. He had to recall precisely what they had said. . . .

He walked into the bedroom and peered up through the quick intervals of the revolving fan. As the fan swept round, a dim turmoil like the noise of machinery came in rhythmic eddies. All else was silence. Though the perpetual day still irradiated his new apartments, he perceived the little intermittent strip of sky was deep blue—black almost—and set with faint stars. He concluded the time must be far on in the night.

But he was neither hungry nor sleepy. He resumed his examination of the rooms. He could find no way of opening the padded door, no bell nor other means of calling for attendance. His feeling of wonder was in abeyance; but he was curious, anxious for information. He wanted to know exactly how he stood to these new things. He tried to compose himself to wait until some one came to him. Presently he became restless and eager for information, for distraction, for fresh sensations.

He went back to the apparatus in the other room, and had soon puzzled out the method of replacing the cylinders by others. As he did so, it came into his mind that it was these little appliances had fixed the language so that it was still clear and understandable after two hundred years. The haphazard cylinders he substituted displayed a musical fantasia. At first it was beautiful, and then it was sensuous. He presently recognized what appeared to him to be an altered version of the story of Tannhäuser. The music was unfamiliar. But the rendering was realistic, and with a contemporary unfamiliarity. Tannhäuser did not go to a Venusberg, but to a Pleasure City. What was a Pleasure City? A dream, surely, the fancy of a fantastic, voluptuous writer.

He became interested, curious. The story developed with a flavor of strangely twisted sentimentality. Suddenly he did not like it. He liked it less as it proceeded.

He had a revulsion of feeling. There were no pictures, no idealizations, but photographed realities. He wanted no more of the twenty-second-century Venusberg. He forgot the part played by the model in nineteenth-century art, and gave way to an archaic indignation. He rose, angry and half ashamed at himself for witnessing this thing, even in solitude. He pulled forward the apparatus, and with some violence sought for a means of stopping its action. Something snapped. A violet spark stung and convulsed his arm, and the thing was still. When he attempted next day to replace these Tannhäuser cylinders by another pair he found the apparatus broken. . . .

He had come upon strange times. He struck out a path oblique to the room and paced to and fro, struggling with intolerable vast impressions. The things he had derived from the cylinders and the things he had seen conflicted, confused him. It seemed to him the most amazing thing of all that in his thirty years of life he had never tried to shape a picture of these coming times. "We were making the future," he said, "and hardly any of us troubled to think what future we were making. And here it is! What have they got to? What has been done? How do I come into the midst of it all?" The vastness of street and house he was prepared for, the multitudes of people. But conflicts in the city ways! And the systematized sensuality of a class of rich men!

He thought of Bellamy, the hero of whose Socialistic Utopia had so oddly anticipated this actual experience. But here was no Utopia, no Socialistic state. He had already seen enough to realize that the ancient antithesis of luxury, waste, and sensuality on the one hand and abject poverty on the other still prevailed. He knew enough of the essential factors of life to understand that correlation. And not only were the buildings of the city gigantic and the crowds in the street gigantic, but the voices he had heard in the ways, the uneasiness of Howard, the very atmosphere, spoke of gigantic discontent. What country was he in? Still England it seemed, and yet strangely "un-English." His mind glanced at the rest of the world, and saw only an enigmatical veil.

He prowled about his apartment, examining everything as a caged animal might do. He felt very tired; felt that feverish exhaustion that does not admit of rest. He listened for long spaces under the ventilator to catch some distant echo of the tumults he felt must be proceeding in the city.

The strangeness of his experience came to dominate his mind. He began to talk to himself. "Two hundred and three years!" he said to himself over and over again, laughing stupidly. "Then I am two hundred and thirty-three years old! The oldest inhabitant! Surely they haven't reversed the tendency of our time and gone back to the rule of the oldest. My claims are indisputable. Mumble, mumble. I remember the Armenian atrocities as though it was yesterday. 'Tis a great age! Haha!" He was surprised at first to hear himself laughing, and then laughed again, deliberately and louder. Then he realized that he was behaving foolishly. "Steady!" he said. "Steady!"

His pacing became more regular. "This new world," he said. "I don't understand it. *Why?* But it is all *why!*

"I suppose they can fly and do all sorts of things.

"Let me try and remember just how it began."

He was surprised at first to find how vague the memories of his first thirty years had become. He remembered fragments, for the most part trivial moments, things of no great importance that he had observed. His boyhood seemed the most accessible at first: he recalled school-books and certain lessons in chemistry. Then he revived the more salient features of his life—memories of the wife long since dead, her magic influence now gone beyond corruption; of his rivals and friends and betrayers; of the swift decision of this issue and that; and then of his last years of misery, of fluctuating resolves, and at last of his strenuous studies. In a little while he perceived he had it all again; dim, perhaps, like metal long laid aside, but in no way defective or injured—capable of repolishing. And the hue of it was a deepening misery. Was it worth repolishing? By a miracle he had been lifted out of a life that had become intolerable. . .

He reverted to his present condition. He wrested with the facts in vain. It became an inextricable tangle. He saw the sky through the ventilator pink with dawn. An old persuasion came out of the dark recesses of his memory. "I must sleep," he said. It appeared as a delightful relief from this mental distress and from the growing pain and heaviness of his limbs. He went to the strange little bed, lay down, and was presently asleep. . .

He was destined to become very familiar indeed with these apartments before he left them, for he remained imprisoned for three days. During that time no one except Howard entered his prison. The marvel of his fate mingled with and in some way minimized the marvel of his survival. He had awakened to mankind, it seemed, only to be snatched away into this unaccountable solitude. Howard came regularly with subtly sustaining and nutritive fluids and light and pleasant foods, quite strange to Graham. He always closed the door carefully as he entered. On matters of detail he was increasingly obliging, but the bearing of Graham on the great issues that were evidently being contested so closely beyond the sound-proof walls that enclosed him he would not elucidate. He evaded, as politely as possible, every question of the position of affairs in the outer world.

And in those three days Graham's incessant thoughts went wide and far. All that he had seen, all this elaborate contrivance to prevent him seeing, worked together in his mind. Almost every possible interpretation of his position was debated in his mind—even, as it chanced, the right interpretation. Things that presently happened to him came to him at least credible by virtue of this seclusion. When at last the moment of his release arrived it found him prepared. He was no longer passive and enfeebled, but alert, and very speedily a participator in the great drama that played about him.

Howard's bearing went far to deepen Graham's impression of his own strange importance; the door, between its opening and closing, seemed to admit with him a breath of momentous happening. His inquiries became more definite and searching. Howard retreated through protests and difficulties. The awakening was unforeseen, he repeated; it happened to have fallen in with the trend of a social convulsion. "To explain it I must tell you the history of a gross and a half of years," protested Howard.

"The thing is this," said Graham: "You are afraid of something I shall do. In some way I am arbitrator—I might be arbitrator."

"It is not that. But you have—I may tell you this much—the automatic increase of your property puts great possibilities of interference in your hands. And in certain other ways you have influence, with your eighteenth-century notions."

"Nineteenth century," corrected Graham.

"With your old-world notions, anyhow, ignorant as you are of every feature of our state."

"Am I a fool?"

"Certainly not."

"Do I seem to be the sort of man who would act rashly?"

"You were never expected to act at all. No one counted on your awakening. No one dreamt you would ever wake. The Council had surrounded you with antiseptic conditions. As a matter of fact, we thought that you were dead—a mere arrest of decay. And—but it is too complex. We dare not suddenly—while you are still half awake."

"It won't do," said Graham. "Suppose it is as you say—why am I not being crammed night and day with facts and warnings and all the wisdom of the time to fit me for my responsibilities? Am I any wiser now than two days ago—if it is two days—when I awoke?"

Howard pulled his lip.

"I am beginning to feel—every hour I feel more clearly—a sense of complex concealment, of which you are the salient point. Is your precious Council, or committee, or whatever they are, cooking the accounts of my estate? Is that it?"

"That note of suspicious—," said Howard.

"Ugh!" said Graham. "Now mark my words: It will be ill for those who have put me here. It will be ill. I am alive. Make no doubt of it: I am alive. Every day my pulse is stronger and my mind clearer and more vigorous. No more quiescence. I am a man come back to life. And I want to *live*—"

"*Live!*"

Howard's face lit with an idea. He came towards Graham, and spoke in an easy, confidential tone.

"The Council secludes you here—for your good. You are restless. Naturally—an energetic man! You find it dull here. But we are anxious that everything you may desire—every desire—every sort of desire— There may be something. Is there any sort of company?"

He paused meaningly.

"Yes," said Graham, thoughtfully. "There is."

"Ah! *Now!* We have treated you neglectfully."

"The crowds in yonder streets of yours."

"That," said Howard, "I am afraid— But—"

Graham began pacing the room.

"Everything you say, everything you do, convinces me—of some great issue in which I am concerned. I do not want to pass the time, as you call it. Yes, I know. Desire and indulgence are life, in a sense—and Death! Extinction! In my life before I slept I had worked out that pitiful question. I will not begin again. There is a city, a multitude— And meanwhile I am here like a rabbit in a bag."

His rage surged high. He choked for a moment and began to wave his clinched fists. He gave way to an anger fit; he swore archaic curses. His gestures had the quality of physical threats.

"I do not know who your party may be. I am in the dark, and you keep me in the dark. But I know this, that I am secluded here for no good purpose. For no good purpose. I warn you—I warn you of the consequences! Once I come at my power—"

He realized that to threaten thus might be a danger to himself. He stopped. Howard stood regarding him with a curious expression.

"I take it this is a message to the Council," said Howard.

Graham had a momentary impulse to leap upon the man, fell or stun him. It must have shown upon his face; at any rate, Howard's movement was quick. In a second the noiseless door had closed again, and the man from the nineteenth century was alone.

For a moment he stood rigid, with clinched hands half raised. Then he flung them down. "What a fool I have been!" he said, and gave way to his anger again, stamping about the room and shouting curses. For a long time he kept himself in a sort of frenzy, raging at his position, at his own folly, at the knaves who had imprisoned him. He did this because he did not want to look calmly at his position. He clung to his anger—because he was afraid of Fear.

Presently he found himself reasoning with himself. This imprisonment was unaccountable, but no doubt the legal forms—new legal forms—of the time permitted it. It must of course be legal. These people were two hundred years further on in the march of civilization than the Victorian generation. It was not likely they would be less—humane. His imagination set to work to suggest things that might be done to him. The attempts of his reason to dispose of these suggestions, though for the most part logically valid, were quite unavailing. "Why should anything be done to me?"

"If the worst comes to the worst," he found himself saying at last, "I can give up what they want. But what do they want? And why don't they ask me for it instead of cooping me up?"

He returned to his former preoccupation with the Council's possible intentions. He began to reconsider the details of Howard's behavior, sinister glances, inexplicable hesitations. Then for a time his mind circled about the idea of escaping from these rooms; but whither could he escape into this vast crowded world? He would be worse off than a Saxon yeoman suddenly dropped into nineteenth-century London. And besides, how could any one escape from these rooms?

"How can it benefit any one if harm should happen to me?"

He thought of the tumult, the great social trouble, of which he was so unaccountably the axis. A text, irrelevant enough and yet curiously insistent, came floating up out of the darkness of his memory. This also a Council had said:

"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—THE PHILIPPINES

By F. D. Millet, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO COLONIAL GOVERNMENT—HOW THE DUTCH GOVERN JAVA

SAMARANG, JAVA, *November 30.*

THERE is but one opinion in the East about the annexation of the Philippines to the United States; everybody, Spaniards not always excepted, is heartily in favor of it. This is undoubtedly the opinion of the men, without regard to nationality, who control business interests here, if I may judge from the statements of those whom I have talked with on the subject, and I have exchanged views with a great many since I left Manila, two months ago. It was natural to expect that Englishmen would favor the annexation, but I have been not a little surprised to find that the German merchants have, without exception, expressed themselves strongly on the side of American occupation of the Philippines. The attitude of the German naval officers at Manila, which on several occasions was dangerously near open hostility, did not suggest that their own countrymen in the East would have the opinion above stated, but it is a fact, and I have never heard anything from the German merchants but vigorous condemnation of the action of the German fleet. Russians at Nagasaki, Frenchmen at Shanghai, merchants and bankers who have spent many years in the East, were all of the same opinion regarding annexation, without a single notable exception. The local papers have been full of rumors of the antagonism of the Continental powers to the American occupation of the Micronesia, but volumes of leaders have been written reflecting the sentiments of those familiar with the complicated situation here, declaring that annexation to the United States is the only logical and acceptable result of the disturbance of the Spanish possession of the Philippines.

No one without a wide experience in this part of the world can have any adequate idea of the extent to which the Spaniards have deliberately retarded the expanse of commerce, and opposed, by their irritating policy of isolation, the development of the wonderful resources of that rich group of islands which they have so long occupied. No one who has not studied the subject on the spot can have conception of the recognized dishonesty of their system of government, or of the degree and kind of degradation to which their mediæval civilization has reduced the native. The Far East welcomes the change which puts an end to Spanish rule here, for it will mean opening up a large, fertile, and highly productive country to the active competition of trade.

The Dutch East Indies, which comprises hundreds of islands, large and small, north of Australia, are near neighbors to the new possessions of the United States, and the races who inhabit these islands are akin in blood and very much allied in character to the population of the Philippines. The political situation in both these groups of islands is in one respect similar: that is, the Dutch have never taken much more than nominal possession of some of the islands, while they have for many generations held full possession of Java and a large part of Sumatra, as the Spaniards have overrun Luzon, Panay, and Cebu, and only partially occupied many of the other islands, and in some of them scarcely go further than an affectation of proprietorship. The difference in the situation is this, that with the exception of Atchin, which the Dutch have been trying in vain to conquer for nearly thirty years, all the native chiefs and sultans acknowledge the authority of the European government, while in the Philippines there are large and powerful tribes, notably among the Mohammedans, who have never been reduced to subjection, and have never recognized any outside authority.

Although there is a very notable difference in character, language, customs, and type to be found among the natives in different islands of the Philippines, and even in different parts of the same island, the tribes are no wider apart in these respects than are the Soendanese and Javanese in Java, the Sarawaks and Dyaks in Borneo, and the Macassars and other tribes in Celebes. Doubtless most of these tribes are from original Malay stock, but there is often found a prominent strain of other blood, which is sometimes dominant, carrying with it a quite different temperament, and modifying Malay characteristics. In that part of the Philippines in which we are most interested at present, the island of Luzon and the adjacent islands of Panay and Cebu, the natives bear unmistakable marks of Malay origin, and resemble the natives of the Malay Peninsula quite as much as do other peoples in closer geographical relation. The Malay race and its offshoots have been proved to be, under certain conditions, docile, peace-loving, and fairly industrious. They are very superstitious—not more so probably than the negroes in the Southern States—have a strong sense of justice, and an implacable spirit of revenge, which is quite as marked a feature of their disposition as the color of their skin is a distinguishing physical characteristic.

The European nations—the English and the Dutch on the one hand, the Portuguese and the Spaniards on the other—who have had the most intimate relations with the Malays, have found it necessary to take into consideration the dominant superstitious nature of the race, and have each in its own way gained a supremacy over them, not entirely by the force of arms, which in many instances has proved to be powerless to hold them as loyal and contented subjects, but by catering to the peculiarities of their temperament. The Portuguese and Spaniards have made use of the glamour and mystery of the Roman Catholic religion, and have substituted largely, in whatever region they have gained a foothold, the external and superficial forms of this worship for the rites of Hindoo, Buddhist, and idol cults. The English, after their usual custom, have interfered little or not at all with the native practices of religion, but have trusted rather to the civilizing influences of trade and industry; while the Dutch, by far the most successful colonists among them, have interfered quite as little as the English with the native belief, but have gained a wonderful control over them by the policy of nominally recognizing their local and tribal authority, and by disturbing as little as possible the traditional forms of native government.

THE SULTAN OF SULU.
The Ruler of Thousands of our Mohammedan Fellow-Citizens.

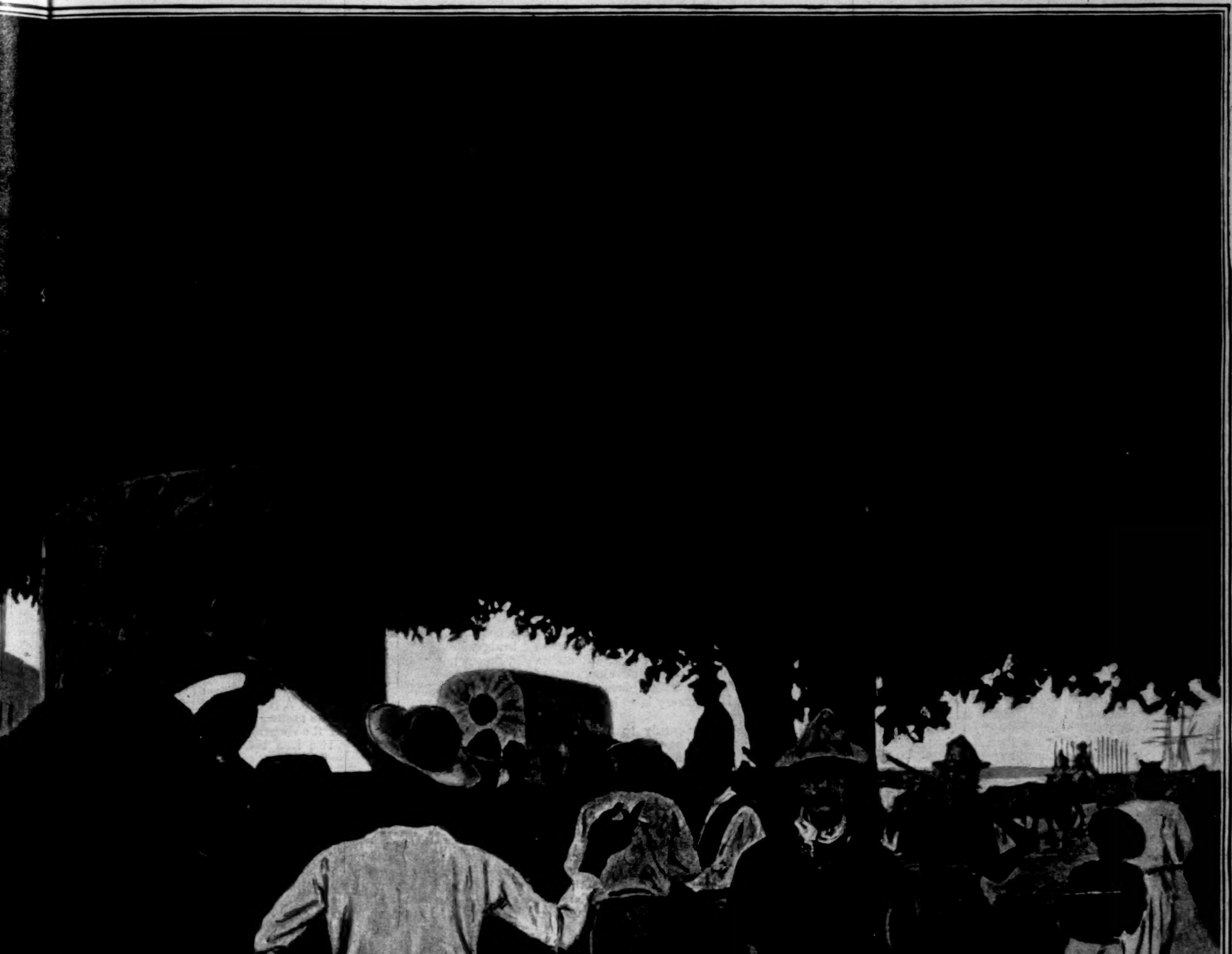
They are by no means an easy people to control, as we will soon find if we continue the thoughtless, not to say ignorant, policy we have already begun in the Philippines. It is all very well in theory to say that the Filipinos are men and brothers. But how about the Chinese? The Malays are as different from us as are the Chinese, and must be dealt with according to their nature. Without going deeply into a discussion of the methods of government which have made the Dutch East Indies a most flourishing and prosperous colony, I can best illustrate the workings of the system by a concrete example, which came under my own observation during an extensive tour in Java, where I studied as closely as possible the conditions which, under the vigorous government of the Dutch, made the natives such a prosperous and contented population.

I was the guest for some days of a Dutch official, a governor, or "Resident," in one of the provinces in the interior of the island, where the dual government is seen working at its best, and where the European and the native live on the most amiable terms, and where crime and poverty are comparatively unknown. The town is not large in population, but, like all Javanese towns, covers a considerable area with its wide, straight, well-shaded streets. The focus of the place is, of course, the aloon-aloon, or open square, with the usual enormous waringin, or holy, tree of the natives occupying the centre, and casting a broad cool shadow on the well-kept turf of the square. Other waringin-trees, scarcely less in size than the monster in the square, form an imposing rank all around the enclosure, half hiding with the dense foliage the ranks of cocoanut-palms which rise above the low roofs of the houses beyond. On one side of the square is the house, or palace, of the native Regent, placed well back in large well-kept grounds, with a profusion of shade and fruit trees and ornamental shrubs and flowers. Just in front of the palace, separated from it by a grand driveway, stands the large open pavilion where audiences and conferences are held, dramatic and musical entertainments are given, and all public and official functions are carried on. Opposite the palace, across the square, is seen the modest house of the Resident, with the offices adjacent and the jail close at hand. On a third side of the great, broad, grass-covered aloon-aloon, a large mosque, with towers, and a broad colonnade leading into a spacious interior, where worshippers are seen kneeling on the mat-covered floor in the perspective of huge white columns, gleams dazzlingly white through the dark foliage of the trees, quite dwarfing any other edifice in the place; and from the opposite side of the square is always heard, in the quiet of the tropical forenoon, the murmur of children's voices from the long low building, where hundreds of them are at school, learning to read and write in both the native and Dutch languages. Another school, for European children, with the wooden desks arranged on a spacious portico, stands not far away, and many happy white-clad children are daily seen at their tasks there, under the guardianship of a woman teacher. All life in the village is in the open air. The taxes are paid by the natives in piles of copper and silver, carefully arranged in rows on the cement portico of the tiny town-hall; and the Dutch official daily sits in the shade there and watches the counting, and supervises the transferrence of the coin in palm-leaf bags to the strong-room at the back of the building. In front of the little police station groups of squatting natives are seen all day long, patiently awaiting their turn, either with a complaint, or a request for work, or with a report from some distant village. Everything is conducted with the most gratifying ease and quiet. No one seems in a hurry; no one shows any signs of vexation or impatience. Never a harsh utterance or a loud word interrupts the hum of the bees and the song of the crickets. The people all have a contented, cheerful air; and even at the busy market, where of all places one would expect to hear a turmoil of cries, the same gentle manners are observed, and the same quiet, low, musical voices are heard. Occasionally from the dense growth of palms and plantains come drifting along on the soft air the notes of a song, not in the dismal minor strain so often heard elsewhere, but in the merry joyous key, and the tinkle and drone of the gamelang gong sound far away in the depths of the forest, at first plaintive, then triumphantly barbaric, and then in a long, soothing, monotonous rhythm, harmonizing with the mysterious, scarcely audible voices of the forest, the ceaseless murmur and rustle of the palms.

This is the stage on which my friend the Resident enacts his drama year after year. And a drama it really is. His European staff consists of a controller and an aspirant-controller—I fancy inspector and sub-inspector would be the nearest English synonyms for these titles—and two or three clerks. The controller is a man of perhaps twenty years' residence in Java, speaks three or four languages, besides as many native dialects, with ease and fluency, and spends a large part of his time in riding on horseback over the province to report on the condition of the people and on the working of the government. The

PUERTO RICO—THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND A

DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM FROM SKETCHES MADE BY HIM WHILE ACTING AS SPECI



D ARMY HEADQUARTERS AT PLAYA DE PONCE.

pecial Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Forces.—[See Page 105.]

aspirant-controller is a young man of about twenty-five years, who has already devoted three years of hard work to the study of the profession, and has to look forward to at least seven years more of service as assistant or aspirant before he can hope to fill the responsible position of controller.

I remember being surprised in Japan at hearing, from a young attaché of a foreign legation—not the United States legation, it is needless to remark—that he had already spent four years studying Japanese to prepare him for his chosen profession, the diplomatic service. He was travelling in the interior, in the company of his Japanese tutor, and was continuing his studies four or five hours a day, meanwhile becoming thoroughly acquainted with the customs, habits, daily life, and incidentally with the intricate character of the natives away from the Europeanized centres. But here in the middle of Java, days' travel away from a large town, I was no less surprised to find a young man, well born and well educated, of refined tastes and almost precocious experience with the world, devoting the best years of his life to the accurate study of the Javanese, in order to fit himself to hold a position in this remote colony, in which the only prize worth securing was a small pension after twenty years of service.

The Dutch officials in Java, the testimony of many travellers to the contrary notwithstanding, are quite ready and willing to give any information about the system of government, and are not, as I know from my own experience, the churlish, discourteous, and secretive individuals which one is led to believe them from the reports of recent visitors to the island. To be sure, it probably was a little advantage to me to be able to speak Dutch, but almost all the officials speak English fluently, and French and German besides. On reflection I am inclined to the belief that the main difficulty travellers experience with the Dutch officials is in taking an aggressive attitude. Few Americans or English can overcome the habit of drawing comparisons between the institutions of the country they are visiting and those to which they are accustomed at home. It must be irritating to a man, who has spent many years in the intelligent study of how to live and let live in Java, to be rounded up constantly with the statement that "we do things so and so in St. Paul," or, "our home government would certainly not permit this." It is needless to say that I found much greater food for reflection in the wonderful perfection of the Dutch system of colonization than in studying the difference between the municipal government of an Irish-American city and a province in the interior of Java.

At the close of his daily labors in receiving the taxes in cash, the Resident took me into the spacious, airy jail; not by any means an uncomfortable dwelling-place, and with so few prisoners that they were almost lost among the piers of the open court-yards. There was one convict for every five thousand of the population of the district, not a large proportion. All were imprisoned for slight offences, such as petty thefts and drunkenness.

"They are all children here in Java," said the Resident. "They have such innocent notions about justice and punishment that you will hardly believe me when I tell you of them. A man is arrested on suspicion of stealing bananas or cocoanuts, or some such produce, and in my capacity of police justice I question him:

"'Did you steal the things?'

"'Yes, Toewan Resident, I stole them.'

"'Who saw you do it?'

"'No one, Toewan Resident.'

"'Why did you steal them?'

"'The demon impelled me to, Toewan Resident.'

"'Ought I to punish you?'

"'Certainly, Toewan Resident.'

"And I commit him to jail for a time.

"I noticed you looked at the whipping-post in the jail. Yes, we sometimes flog them lightly, but only when they break their parole. If, for certain reasons, a man is let out of jail temporarily, and does not come back when he has agreed to, we send a gendarme to his village, and invariably find him in his own hut. We then bring him back to jail and give him a few lashes. It won't do to punish them severely, for they never forget it if you do. They expect a certain amount, and get what they expect.

"It not infrequently happens that a man and his wife come to me and say that they have quarrelled and cannot live together unless they are punished.

"'You have made it up, haven't you?' I ask.

"'Yes, Toewan Resident,' they reply, 'we have made it up, but we must be punished.' And I have to commit them for a week each before they will let me off. You don't observe that the prisoners are unhappy?"

"Certainly not. On the contrary," I replied, "they look perfectly contented."

"The reason is that they have plenty of good food, as you have seen, a very comfortable place to sleep, no work to do, and, besides, when they go home they will be heroes in their village, for they have slept in a real house and have been guests of the Toewan Resident. We very seldom have any serious crimes here. Murder is almost unknown. But I have to be most careful and circumspect in my decisions in my capacity of judge and police justice, or the consequences might be serious. The natives are of a revengeful nature, and if they are victims of gross injustice they let nothing deter them from taking vengeance on the man who has wronged them. There are plenty of cases on record where an official whose acts have been wantonly tyrannical and unjust has suddenly died, the victim of poison. Toxicology is a science with which the natives are familiar."

"Don't they object to the taxation you impose on them?" I asked.

"If they did, do you suppose I could live here without a single soldier and no policemen except a few native gendarmes?" was the reply.

"When it happens that we have to assess taxes which thitherto for some reason or other have not been levied, we ask the native for his proof of the title and his declaration of the productive capacity. He readily gives the information, which is checked by the government surveyor, and then we ask the man how much he thinks he ought to pay.

"'Ten per cent.' is his usual reply, and we assess him accordingly, and he must be contented, for he has named the tax himself. If they improve land to the point that they are called upon to pay taxes on the produce, they seem to consider the tax to be the price they pay for the distinction of being prosperous farmers, and they hold up their heads as persons of consequence forever after."

"Where do the Regent and the native chiefs take part in this scheme of government?" was my next question.

"The Regent is the direct and proper head of the province. I give no orders whatever to the natives. Everything goes through the Regent and his subordinate chiefs. I am called by the people and by the Regent himself his 'elder brother,' and my advice to him on every subject, which, be it understood, is given after proper deliberation and according to the policy prescribed by my government, is always followed by the Regent implicitly and without opposition. He tells his people that he has consulted with his 'elder brother,' and has decided to do so and so. He has all the outward symbols of authority—the umbrellas of rank, uniformed attendants, and as many subordinates as tradition dictates he has a right to have. He is paid by the government three times as much as I receive, and has, in addition, his palace given him free of rent. Besides his salary he has a private income from his real estate, so that he has altogether about $1800 in gold a month, or about six times as much as I can claim to have. With this money he supports three or four hundred dependents, keeps up quite a stable, lives in a luxurious way, and is personally in a better position than any independent native ruler. As far as we can find out, he is just as much reverenced and his authority over his people is just as great as if his official acts were not controlled by the advice of his 'elder brother.'"

A subsequent interview with the Regent confirmed in every respect what the Resident had told me, and I found the native chiefs not only perfectly contented with their position, but, if anything, not a little elated by the distinction of being associated in a sense with the European officials, inasmuch as they were always nominally consulted on questions of general interest and importance.

This curious method of carrying on the government, this elaborate protectorate, is productive of the best results. The European occupation stimulates the native to cultivate the land, for the market is there at hand for what he wishes to sell. The railways, which have been running through the interior only a short time, have brought about an enormous increase in the area of arable land in the island, which is one supremely fertile and well-cultivated region of the whole world. A happier peasantry I have never seen, nor have I ever travelled anywhere in greater comfort or security than in Java. The soil of the Philippines, like that of all the other outcroppings of the great volcanic ridge, is very fertile, and adapted to the growth of an enormous variety of products. In Java they grow every sort of vegetable known to the temperate zone by choosing the proper climate on the mountain-sides. The field for the development of agriculture and industry in the Philippines is almost fabulously rich. All that is necessary is to have a stable and reasonable government.

We are not, as a people, over-ready to take lessons from other nations, but in the situation as colonists in which we now find ourselves we might reasonably take advantage of the experience of our Eastern neighbors, and adopt a method of dealing with the Filipinos which is compatible with the traditions of the race and of the civilization of the East. Not very much is known about the Filipinos, but recent events in the island of Luzon show that they have the prominent traits of character which belong to the Malay race, and prove that they can be dealt with satisfactorily if they are not antagonized by too radical methods. Their love of display is notorious. An employé on the railway will work for ten dollars less a month if he is permitted to wear two gold bands on his hat instead of one. They have the same disinclination to centralize which the natives of Java have. This is amply proved by the constitution of the insurgent army in the Philippines. Each leader is for himself and for the province he controls, quite independent of the general interests of the cause. The outside authority which they would recognize and loyally support would be one which would respect their local and tribal interests, and not disturb their ancient traditions of rank and caste. Can we do better than to study the Dutch government in the Indies?

It is well to remember about the Malay races that they are an exceedingly nervous and sensitive people, which fact accounts for the many peculiarities of character. In some localities maladies of the nerves are very common, and a peculiar system of massage is practised among them. It is not massage in the proper sense of the word, for there is no rubbing employed, but the nerves are skilfully worked and pressed with the ends of the fingers and thumb, and apparently stimulated by this process to more healthful activity. Rubbing is also commonly resorted to in cases of rheumatism and in sprains and bruises. A disease of the nerves by no means rare, and akin to St. Vitus's dance, is met with among the lower classes. The most prominent symptom is an uncontrollable impulse to imitate the actions of another person. If a servant afflicted with this disease is bringing in a tea-tray, and some one suddenly throws up both hands in front of him, he cannot control his impulse to do the same, and the tray and its contents fly up in the air. On this account, when a servant becomes *lata*, as they call it, he is very little use in the household. Superstition enters largely into the nerve cure, and the doctor, usually an old woman, will tell the patient, after she has prescribed her treatment, that he must not whistle after dark or chase poultry, else her services will have no good result.

Some Interesting Types of Modern Drawbridges

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, M. AM. SOC. C. E., ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "ENGINEERING RECORD"

SINCE the mediæval days, when feudal castles were protected by moat and portcullis, different forms of movable pivoted bridges have been used to afford passage across narrow streams and yet be easily removable, so as to leave an unobstructed waterway. In modern times they are for commercial instead of military purposes, and in this country are chiefly used to carry traffic over canals without destroying navigation.

Simple forms, usually supported on rollers, and revolving horizontally around a vertical centre pivot, like a turn-table, are adopted, both for the very largest and heaviest structures and for small and unimportant bridges, such as carry country roads, some of the latter being so ingeniously primitive as to be pushed open by the impact of a canal-boat, and closed automatically by two heavy spiral springs attached to the pivot.

In our great cities, where heavy street traffic and frequent boats require to pass over canals and river harbors at nearly the same level, it is very important that the bridges should be ample and quickly operated, and that they should occupy very little valuable space, and "bascule"-bridges, whose floor platforms revolve upwards about horizontal axes, on one or both shores, have been extensively adopted.

In opening a bascule-bridge, almost the whole weight of the movable portion must be lifted at first, as it leaves its horizontal position, thus requiring the application of a large force, that diminishes as the bridge revolves upwards, and is finally reduced to a comparatively small amount when the bridge floor platform arrives at its extreme position in a nearly vertical plane, and is practically poised on its lower edge. Different expedients are adopted by different designers to provide an automatically changing counterweight that will correspond to this variable pull and keep the bridge balanced in any position, so that the mechanical power applied will not be required to do much lifting, but merely have to overcome inertia and friction.

The motive power is either steam, electric, hydraulic, or hand power, and is applied through various different mechanisms. Many of the special features have been, unlike most engineering designs, patented, and in the attempts to avoid payment of royalties, and simplify or improve their construction and operation, many different forms of bascule bridges have been built in the Eastern part of the United States, chiefly in large sea-coast or great lake cities, within a few years.

A recent and novel example is shown in Fig. 1,[*] page 100, which is a picture of the Michigan Avenue bridge lately completed in Buffalo, New York. The weight of each "leaf," as the floor platforms are called, is exactly balanced at all times by two cast-iron cylindrical counterweights, six and one-half feet in diameter, and weighing thirty-five tons apiece, that are attached to steel cables passing over large pulleys in the tops of the towers, and roll down curved tracks accurately calculated to flatten out and diminish their pull as they descend, exactly in accordance with the decreasing weight of the rising bridge.

Steam power to operate the bridge is applied from the engine-house at each end by a sprocket-chain that turns a horizontal shaft below it and screws up a large nut, thus shortening the operating bar A (Fig. 8), and pulling the bridge-truss up in revolution around its pivot, as indicated by the dotted lines of the diagram. The bridge, when closed, is locked by two iron bolts three inches square.

This is one of the longest highway bascules ever built; it is 33 feet wide, and has a clear waterway of 150 feet. Notwithstanding its length, it can be opened in one minute. Its cost was about $39,000.

A very different form of balanced bascules was recently built in Milwaukee, where, instead of using counterweights, each leaf was made to revolve in such a path that its centre of gravity constantly travelled in a horizontal line; consequently no weight was raised or lowered, and comparatively little power was required. Fig. 5 shows the leaves, each supported at one end by a revolving inclined strut, and at the other by a roller travelling in the upright curved track groove, so that their combined effect keeps the bridge always in equilibrium.

The diagram Fig. 13 indicates the operation of the essential parts of the bridge, and shows one of the independent leaves closed to receive traffic, and the other open to permit navigation. The leaves are revolved by turning the pinions, P P, which drive the rack-bars, R R, back and forth in a horizontal line and swing the leaves in their guides.

This bridge is high enough to permit the passage of small boats and tugs when it is closed, and it can be fully opened in fifteen seconds by its electric motors.

A strange and ungainly looking bascule is the folding-bridge built at Weed Street, Chicago, in 1891. It is shown in Fig. 2, with one side open and one side closed. Here the ends of the leaves are supported by ropes from the tops of the towers, and the counterbalance cables pass over the sheaves in the middle of the sides of the towers, and are attached to great cams between the tower and shore. The cams are actuated in the opposite direction by vertical counterweights running inside the towers, and as the cam and bascule revolve together, the former presents a variable leverage that corresponds with the positions of floor, and automatically maintains it equilibrium.

Each leaf is built with its floor platform hinged in the middle, and the two parts fold up like a letter A as the draw opens. This bridge is about 150 feet long, with 62 feet clear opening. It is operated by hand-gearing that turns the cam shafts, and it cost about $16,000.

Fig. 3 shows two similar "rolling lift" bridges in Chicago, the one in the foreground being a 109-foot bascule, built over the Chicago River at Van Buren Street in 1894.

These bascules are operated by rack and pinion arrangements similar to those of the Milwaukee bridge, but instead of being pivoted, each leaf rolls or rocks freely on the curved base shown in the lower part of the picture.

This base or shoe has holes cut through its convex bearing surface, which match toothlike steel projections on top of the pier that prevent it from slipping.

The shoe ends of the leaves are counterweighted so as to nearly balance them when being lowered by a brake, but requiring the action of the motors to force them down to the final closed position. There are two 50 horse-power electric motors on each side of the river, and their continuous operation first opens the latches that lock the closed leaves together, then raises them; lowers them, and relocks them.

The complete bridge cost about $170,000.

Fig. 11 is a view of a four-track bascule drawbridge across the Harlem River, New York, used until recently

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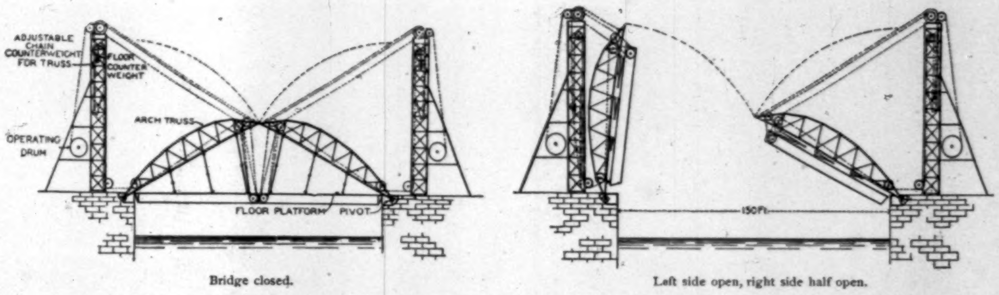
[*] This engraving, and some of the others, are made from photographs and engravings secured by the *Engineering Record* for the technical descriptions of these structures published in its columns.



Bridge closed.

Left side open, right side half open.

6 AND 7.—PROPOSED NEWTOWN CREEK BRIDGE, WITH ADJUSTABLE FOLDING-PLATFORMS.

by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. It is a long plate-girder span, hinged on one shore only, and operated by steel cables attached at one end to counterweights working vertically in the front legs of the tower.

As the bridge rises, and the required vertical pull becomes less, the weights descend, and sections of them are automatically removed by hooks at different heights in the tower.

The necessary power is applied by an engine, turning in either direction the lower pulleys or drums, around which the middle parts of the ropes are wrapped, so as to wind up or unwind.

One of the most noted bascules in the world is the famous Tower Bridge, London (Fig. 12), which has a great height and span, and was very costly. Its great bascule girders are each more than one hundred feet long, and are counterbalanced and operated by elaborate and powerful machinery contained in the great abutment chambers.

In order to permit passenger traffic when the bridge is open there are stairways in the great towers, and a fixed high level foot-bridge between them, beneath which the bascules are opened and vessels pass.

An important bascule-bridge is about to be built over Newtown Creek, Brooklyn, which will cost more than $200,000, and be operated by an unprecedented hydraulic mechanism. Each leaf (see Fig. 9) will be raised by means of the rod A, that is pulled back by the revolving lever B, one end of which is pivoted at D, and the centre driven back and forth by a sliding connection to a double piston, P, one end of which works in each of the opposite hydraulic cylinders, C, C.

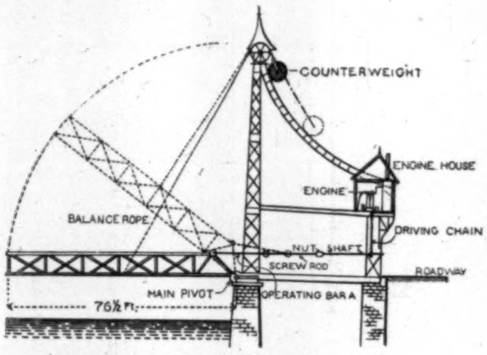
The counterbalance weight-ropes, R, are attached to the bridge by three branches, F, G, and H, that in raising it pull first through F with a long leverage. As the leaf rises, and its weight is less, the pull is taken up by G, and F is slackened; and finally, when little leverage is required, near the vertical position of the leaf, F and G are both slack, and H only works.

This design for the Newtown Creek bascule-bridge was selected from among a number of competitive plans, whose preparation developed some very curious and novel ideas. One of the most original and ingenious was carefully worked out in the form indicated by Figs. 6 and 7, and consisted of two towers and an arch from which a low level floor-platform was suspended near the water at street grade. For the passage of boats not requiring great head-room, one or both of the floor platforms could be raised up to the inclined position shown at the right in Fig. 7, without moving the main arch.

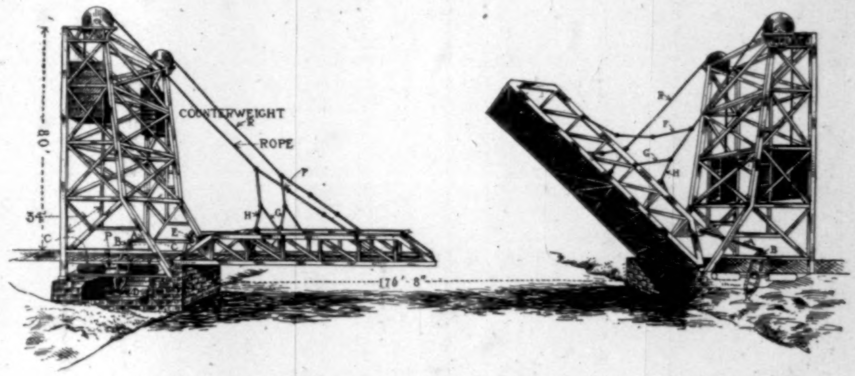
If, however, this did not suffice for the passage of the boat, the operation of the machinery was to be continued so as to revolve one or both of the semi-arches up into the vertical position shown in the left of Fig. 7.

Two counterweights were provided in each tower—a constant one for the floor-platform, and a variable one, composed of a chain more or less of whose weight should be carried by a fixed support. The moving parts were thus to be maintained in equilibrium, and, as in the other cases, power required only to overcome friction and inertia, a special feature being that only a small amount of work need be done, and only a part of the bridge moved at one time in many cases. For instance, it might suffice to raise one side of the floor only; or both sides of the floor; or one side of the floor and one semi-arch, etc., thus saving time and trouble.

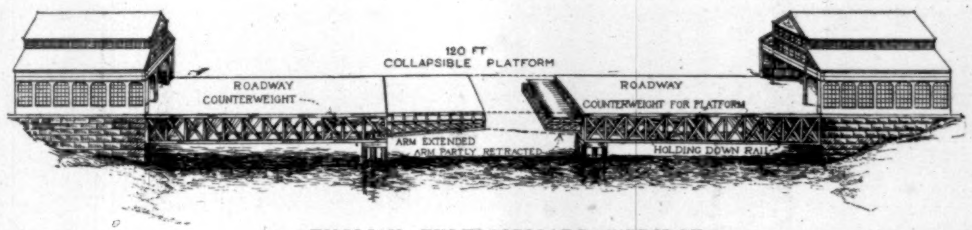
Although this design was not executed, its ingenuity and the interesting details, operation of ropes, action of counterweights, etc., and their possible adoption hereafter, entitle it to comparison with the characteristic types in actual use.



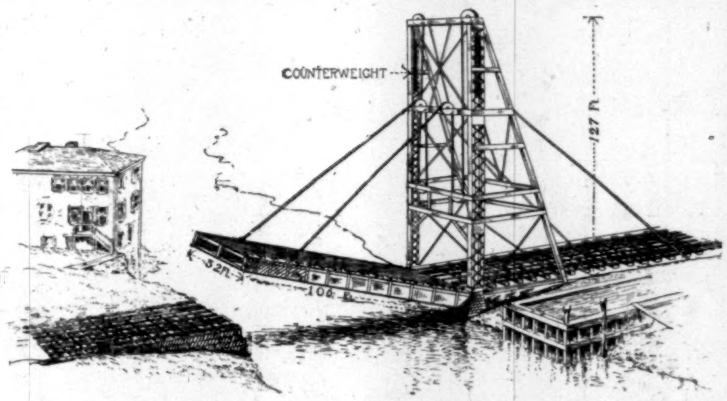
8.—DIAGRAM OF MICHIGAN AVENUE BRIDGE, BUFFALO.



9.—COUNTERBALANCED DOUBLE BASCULE-BRIDGE FOR NEWTOWN CREEK, BROOKLYN.



10.—ENGLISH TELESCOPIC DRAWBRIDGE.


COUNTERWEIGHT
127 ft.
32 ft.
106 ft.

11.—SINGLE LEAF DRAWBRIDGE WITH DETACHABLE COUNTERWEIGHTS, OVER HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK.

A unique form of movable bridge is shown in Fig. 10, which illustrates a structure lately completed at Queensferry, England. Here a 162-foot fixed span is built on each side of the river, and is in the form of a great hollow square tube, inside of which are tracks on which a smaller bridge runs, and may be telescopically projected in or out of the fixed span. When rolled out to their limits, the two movable spans meet at the centre and provide a continuous roadway; when fully retracted, they leave a clear waterway of 120 feet. As the roadway platforms of fixed and moving spans must both be in the same horizontal plane when in use, the latter are made collapsible, like ferry-house and steamboat gates, and are automatically lowered, as shown at the right, except when the bridge is fully closed.

Heavy rails attached to the fixed spans are placed *above* the rollers of the movable spans so as to prevent the rear end from tipping up. The bridge is operated by wire cables, commanded at each shore by hydraulic rams working under a pressure of 750 pounds per square inch.

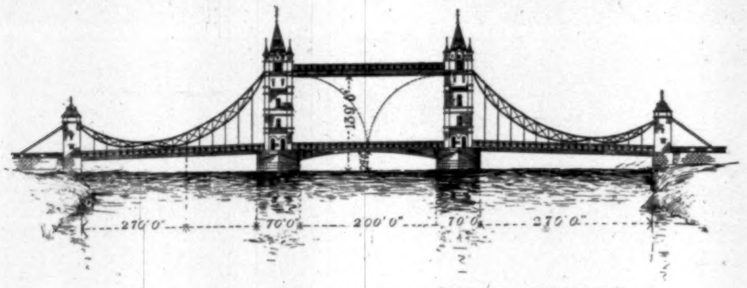
In another type of movable bridges the whole span is made to rise vertically and permit navigation beneath it. One of the most notable of these "lift-bridges" is that built four years ago at Halstead Street, Chicago. The movable span is 130 feet long, 61⅓ feet wide, weighs about 550,000 pounds, and moves through a vertical distance of 140½ feet. Each of the two steel towers is 200 feet high, and contains thirty-two 1½-inch steel cables, passing over 12-foot pulleys at the top, and having one end attached to the bridge and the other to the counterweight. The bridge is raised by eight cables attached directly to it, and lowered by as many attached to the counterweights, either set being wound up at will by the steam hoisting-engines. Special hydraulic buffers are provided to take up the shocks of stopping the bridge.

Fig. 4 is a view of a very much smaller bridge at Troy, New York, which is designed on similar lines, and operated with balancing counterweights enclosed in the vertical cylinders at each corner.

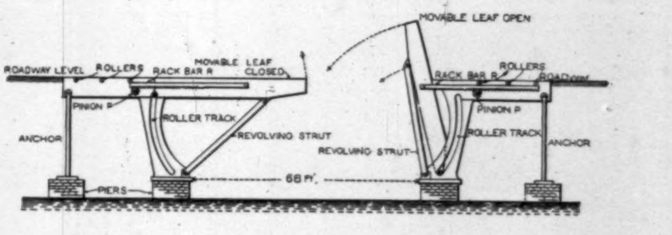
In the larger cities of central New York the highways are carried across the Erie Canal by a number of small lift-bridges, somewhat similar in operation to the one last described; and though their details of construction, mechanism, application of counterweights, and operation vary, they are not remarkable or important enough for special description here.

All swing-bridges have hand-mechanism by which they can be operated in case of failure of the steam, hydraulic, or electric machinery, and all have different ingenious automatic devices for locking them shut, so that they cannot get out of place, even if the machinery is started, until the operator opens the releasing levers, which usually simultaneously set the danger signals.

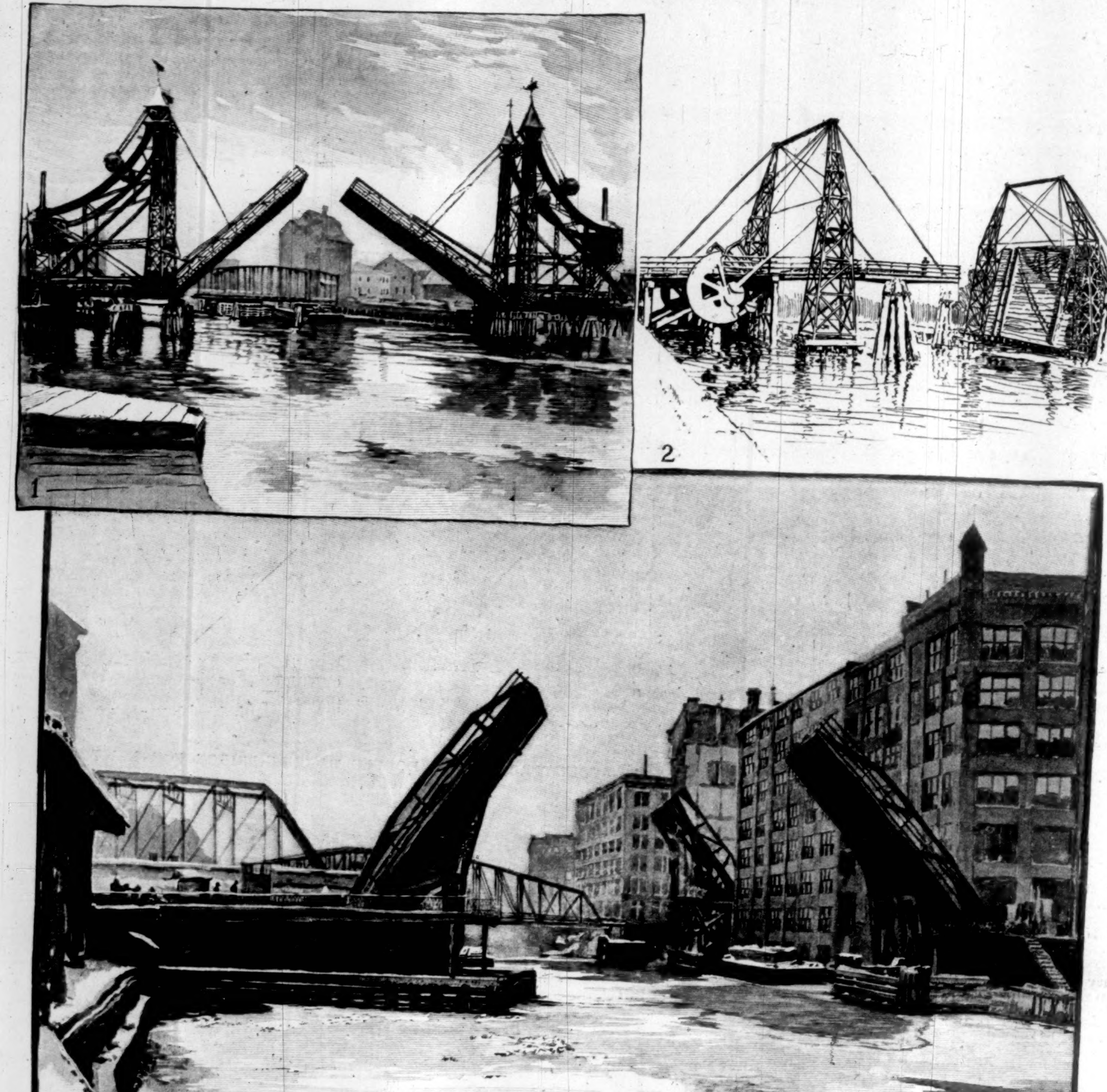
Less important types of movable bridges include some special constructions that are either adapted only to restricted conditions, are obsolete, or are freaks. Instances of such spans are found in the rolling draws, some of which are used in Boston and elsewhere where the roadway is carried very close to the surface of the water, and adjacent land is cheap enough to permit the use of a comparatively large area for a set of horizontal tracks in a direction oblique to the bridge axis. One edge of the bridge platform is supported and counterweighted on trucks set on these tracks; the other end of the platform overhangs so as to span the river when the draw is closed. To open the draw the whole structure is rolled back on shore by means of electric or other machinery. Swing-bridges supported at one or both ends on boats are now seldom or never used, unless, possibly, for very temporary or unimportant service. Some time ago a technical description was published in Europe of a curious and fantastic little highway bridge whose counterweighted short arm was operated by filling and emptying with water a chamber that contained a heavy weight.



12.—GREAT TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON, ENGLAND.



13.—BALANCED REVOLVING DOUBLE BASCULE-BRIDGE AT SIXTEENTH STREET, MILWAUKEE.



INTERESTING TYPES OF MODERN DRAWBRIDGES.

1. Rolling Counterweight Bascule-Bridge, Michigan Avenue, Buffalo. 2. Folding Bascule-Bridge, Chicago. 3. Cycloidal Bascule-Bridge at Van Buren Street, Chicago. 4. Lift-Bridge at Troy. 5. Balanced Bascule-Bridge at Sixteenth Street, Milwaukee.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—PUERTO RICO

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE ISLAND

PUERTO RICO is a veritable desert for the poor man to-day, unless he goes there with some definite commission to execute.

Just at present there are few things which the American without a bank account can do in the island, sufficiently remunerative to furnish him with the staff of life; one of these is to enlist as a recruit in the army at $15 a month, and another is to drive a government mule-wagon at $40 a month and rations. There is nothing else in sight for him, unless he can speak Spanish, in which event he may become an interpreter for the army; or possibly, if he can mix drinks well, he may secure a position as bar-tender in one of the new saloons.

I should like to emphasize the statement that now, and for some time to come—until Congress adopts new laws for Puerto Rico, and American investors invade the island and create a demand for clever poor men—it is a good country for the impecunious to keep out of, however ambitious they may be.

At San Juan and at Ponce there are numbers of young Americans who rushed hot-headed into this supposed promised land, and who are slowly but surely wearing out their shoe-leather, with no immediate prospect of replacing it, in the search for openings which will build them a fortune.

Everything is moderately high-priced, even with the exchange of silver in America's favor. The American army demands more and buys more than did the Spanish army, and, as a result, prices have risen, controlled to some extent also by the fact that the Puerto-Ricans have discovered that Americans are more prodigal with their means, and are willing to pay higher prices.

At the Inglaterra Hotel in San Juan, and also at the Hôtel Français in Ponce—which are the leading hostelries of these two cities—the daily rate, including twelve-o'clock breakfast, six-o'clock dinner, and sleeping-room, is $3 75. Coffee, eggs, and bread in the café in the early morning are called an extra, which brings the daily bill up to $4 25 Spanish, or, at the prevailing rate of exchange, about $2 75 American, per diem. The service one receives in return for this would, in the United States, be considered high-priced at $1 50. It will be found difficult to live under $50 Spanish per month anywhere on the island, whether hotels or private boarding-houses are patronized.

General outfitting goods are somewhat lower than in the United States. Thin clothes are very cheap; suits of good, serviceable linen and colored stuffs may be made up at the tailor's at prices ranging from $5 50 to $10 Spanish money. Fine dress-goods command more than American prices. Shirts, under-clothes, collars, and cuffs are as high as in the United States, and not nearly so well made, though fabricated from quite as good materials. Good shoes—Puerto-Rican hand-cobbled—may be obtained at prices ranging from $2 to $5 Spanish, and fine French goods are to be had at fifty per cent. more, in the same money, which gives one an advantage here over America, so far as foot-gear is concerned.

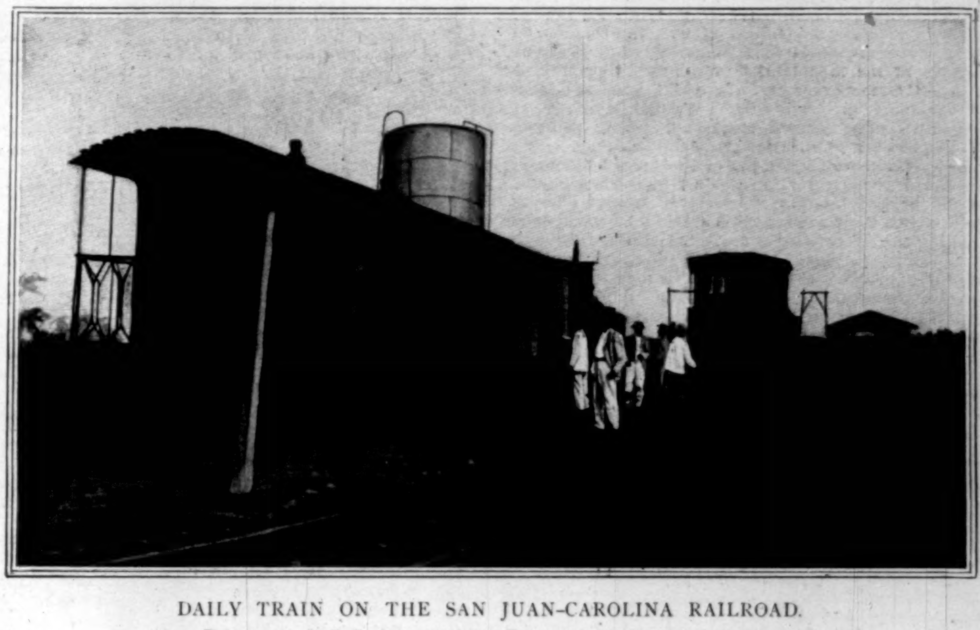
Foods are both dearer and cheaper than in America, depending upon whether they are imported or home products. Butter is a luxury for which you pay 10 cents a tiny pat; cooked eggs are 5 to 10 cents apiece in the cities; milk can only be had in the morning, at 10 cents a quart; ice, in the towns where there are ice-plants, is becoming the proper thing, but it comes higher, a few times, than an American combine can lift it; cold beer on ice is worth 30 cents a bottle—a month ago every native café proprietor insisted that it would break the bottles to put them a-cooling, but he has been convinced of his error under our excellent tuition; coffee is a dream, at 10 cents a cup, and chocolate a nectar indeed, at 20 cents; pungent clarets, good withal, are cheap at 60 cents a quart bottle; Hennessy three-star brandy at $1 a bottle, and rum—the devil's own—at two centavos a drink.

It is very difficult for the average American to hold his own against the combination of climate and native cooking, unless he has some Mexican blood in his veins or is a good campaigner. The continual warm weather is enervating, but the food mixtures of olive oil, garlic, red peppers, stringy beefsteak which has not lost its animal heat, garbanzos, frijoles, and half a dozen other kinds of beans are too much entirely for a Northern digestive apparatus, and one cannot live forever on coffee, bread, and soft-boiled eggs, which are the only elements of native diet not possessing distinctively Southern flavors.

Garlic is going out of fashion in a few alleged American cafés, which is a relief to the nostrils and the sense of taste; a few months more will probably bring about Americanized meals.

Puerto-Rican soups are always fine and palatable, though they usually suggest garlic.

Oranges can be bought, two for a centavo, and are delicious. Bananas are as low as five for a cent, and this for the most approved style of "lady-fingers," or little round fellows.



DAILY TRAIN ON THE SAN JUAN-CAROLINA RAILROAD.

DRAWN BY J. G. SOMERS AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

Where a man has capital to invest, there are many lines of business upon which he may embark with a fair assurance of the return of his money with interest.

Sugar, coffee, and tobacco raising rank first, and will open the best avenues for investors of large capital. These three interests will be treated in separate articles.

Fruit-growing is as yet undeveloped, but the island offers many possibilities and a rich field for investors, in that every kind of tropical fruit may be cultivated to its highest perfection in the rich, well-watered soil.

Railroads and modern rapid-transit facilities are very much needed in the island. Don Ibo Bosch, in 1888, secured a franchise from the Spanish government to build and operate a railroad which was to encircle the island. The corporation was to be known as the Compañia de las Ferrocarriles de Puerto Rico. The road was to be finished in six years, and the government guaranteed eight per cent. to the corporation on the capital invested, not to exceed $10,000,000. This road was promptly begun at three points. At the end of four years, or in 1892, a single-track narrow-gauge road had been laid northward and eastward from San Juan to Carolina, by way of Rio Piedras, sixteen miles in all, and the grading had been partially completed to Rio Grande, ten miles farther, while from San Juan westward it was completed for forty-eight miles to the town of Camuy. At Aguadilla it ran southward through Añasco to Mayaguez, a distance of twenty-two miles. From Ponce on the southern coast it was built to Yauco, some twenty-four miles westward, making a total mileage of one hundred and ten of the two hundred and eighty-three contracted for.

The equipment of these fragments of badly laid road would disgrace a logging or mining region in our Northwest, so mean and primitive are the cars, and so badly treated are the engines. It is not essential to discuss the defective methods existing in railroading in Puerto Rico—beyond stating that the service consists of one mixed train of two cars each way in twenty-four hours, and that the average speed is ten miles an hour—as it is rather intended to point out future needs. The corporation before referred to did not complete the road, and made no attempt to do so within the stipulated time, so the Spanish government revoked the franchise. A renewal of the charter was requested and refused, and at the beginning of the war the matter was still under discussion, being held in abeyance at Madrid.

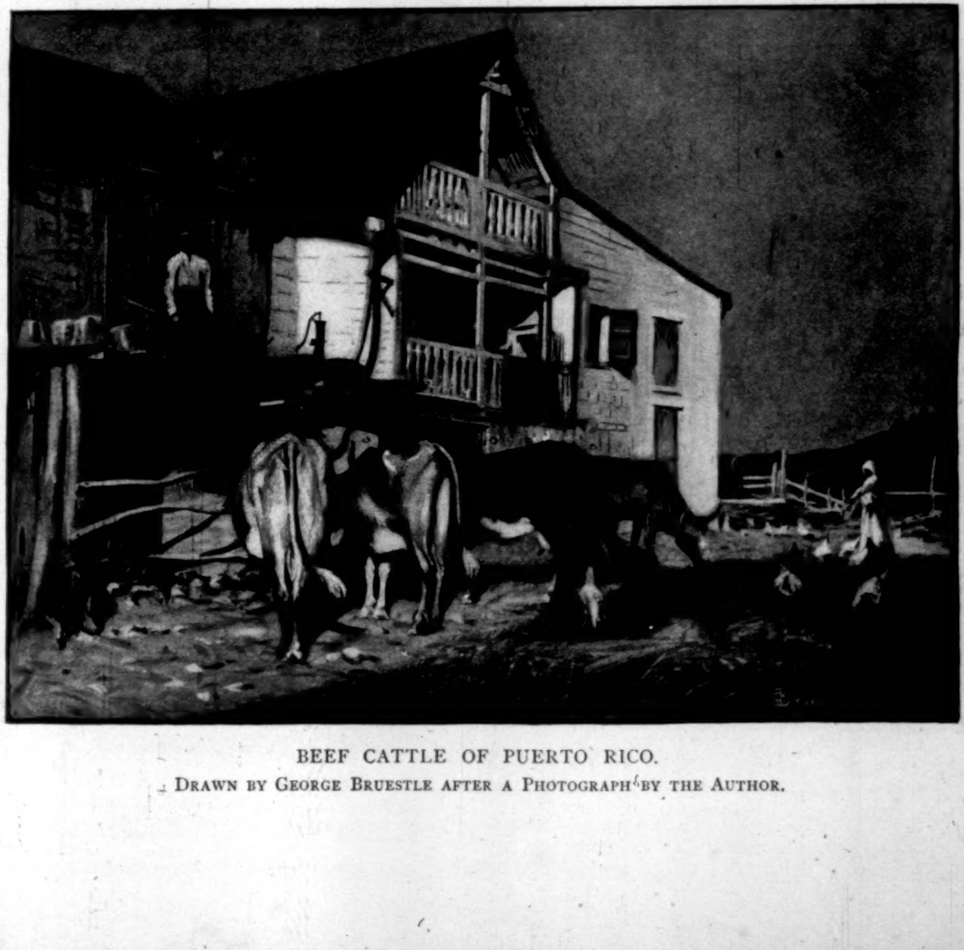
There are no other railroads on the island, except a tramway from San Juan to Rio Piedras, which parallels the other road that far; the equipment of this line is bad, but the service is comparatively good, as trains are run each way, on schedule time, an hour apart.

There should be a great future in the island for lighter tramway systems, such as trolley lines with trains of two or three cars, capable of making twenty miles an hour. It is not believed by the writer that in this small area there is, or ever will be, sufficient commercial inducement to warrant the construction of heavy road-beds, equipped with large engines and standard rolling stock. The distributing points for both imports and exports will lie around the periphery of the island, at the best waterfronts, and the railroad handling will always consist of very short hauls. Passenger traffic will be mainly of the same nature, from small inland towns to the port towns, and *vice versa*.

The offsetting advantages of electric as against steam roads lie in the possibility of more rapid and cheaper construction over heavy grades to the interior towns, which are large exporters of coffee and consumers of merchandise, and in being able to furnish light, heat, and power to many small towns along the routes. Apropos of this subject, it may be said that the scarcity of fuel is everywhere felt, and, for this reason largely, charcoal—which is an economical and intense heating medium—is used almost universally for cooking purposes. Instead of depending upon this fuel, the cook-stove of the future might be some form of electric heater. Also, it must not be forgotten that every coffee-planter is desirous of introducing his own machinery, but is confined to the use of animal and hand-driven mills, mainly, for the reason that steam-boilers requiring fuel are an unprofitable investment, unless the operations are carried forward on an extensive scale.

Owners of sugar-mills, which run day and night during the grinding season, would gladly welcome cheap electric light. For fuel, however, they depend largely on the cane *bagazo*, which is burned under the boilers, and the feasibility of furnishing such mills with electric power to replace their present batteries of boilers and engines remains a matter for future determination.

It is generally conceded today that electric transportation is not profitable where the traffic is small, as the plant must be kept in nearly maximum operation. If, upon examination of the railroad problem, however, it is



BEEF CATTLE OF PUERTO RICO.

DRAWN BY GEORGE BRUESTLE AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

found that the maintenance of electrically driven cars will not give a satisfactory return for lack of continuous traffic, then compressed air may be substituted, with a view to economically centralizing the generation of power.

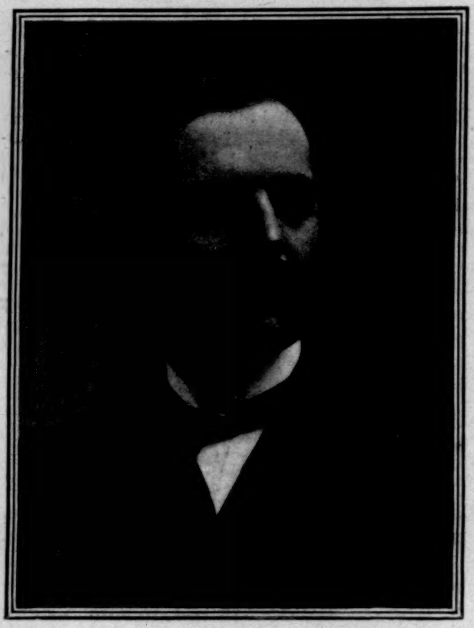
San Juan and Ponce have gas-plants, against the product of which the average American citizen would cry aloud. Gas, as an illuminant, is an antique in the present age, and it is doubtful whether it can be made to compete with electricity in a country where every pound of heavy piping must be imported from abroad, and where for some time to come there will be small objection made to overhead wiring. Heating-gas would subserve an excellent purpose at present in every town on the island, in place of the ancient charcoal kitchen-furnaces, which give off noxious and deadly vapors; but, as before suggested, some type of electric stove may be preferred to either.

Railroad construction on the island offers many difficult engineering problems, excepting perhaps in the case of roads which will skirt the littoral levels along the coast-line. The interior country is so broken with heavy and steep mountain ranges, so devoid of extensive level valleys—where they do occur they are flooded from time to time by freshets—that perforce it will be necessary to carry the contemplated roads around the multitudinous windings of the mountain-sides. This being true, it means that almost every yard of road-bed must be blasted from the close, underlying limestone rock, and that at every transverse rivulet which cuts a deep V-shape basin it will be necessary to heavily grade and bridge.

The east and west extension of the rugged mountain ranges will strongly militate against trans-island roads, but the present location of interior commercial towns does not seem to demand more than two such roads—one following the military highway from San Juan through Rio Piedras, Caguas, Cayey, Aibonito, Coamo, and Juana Diaz to Ponce (I understand that a charter has already been granted for such a road), and the other possibly from Ponce, or some harbor further west, say Guanica, to Adjuntas, Utuado, and finally to the northern coast of Arecibo. Both routes would be through the very heart of the largest agricultural contributors of the island.

Ice-plants offer another inducement for the business men; a few such plants, with limited facilities, are now in operation at San Juan, Ponce, Mayaguez, and Guayama, but the interior towns are sadly lacking in refrigerants. In connection with such enterprises, there should be introduced cold-storage rooms for cooling and preserving the beef, which is now killed in the morning and eaten before night. The household refrigerator is an almost unknown article, and, as a side line and persuader to the use of ice, it is very desirable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HON. ADDISON C. HARRIS,
The New United States Minister to Austria.

New Minister to Austria

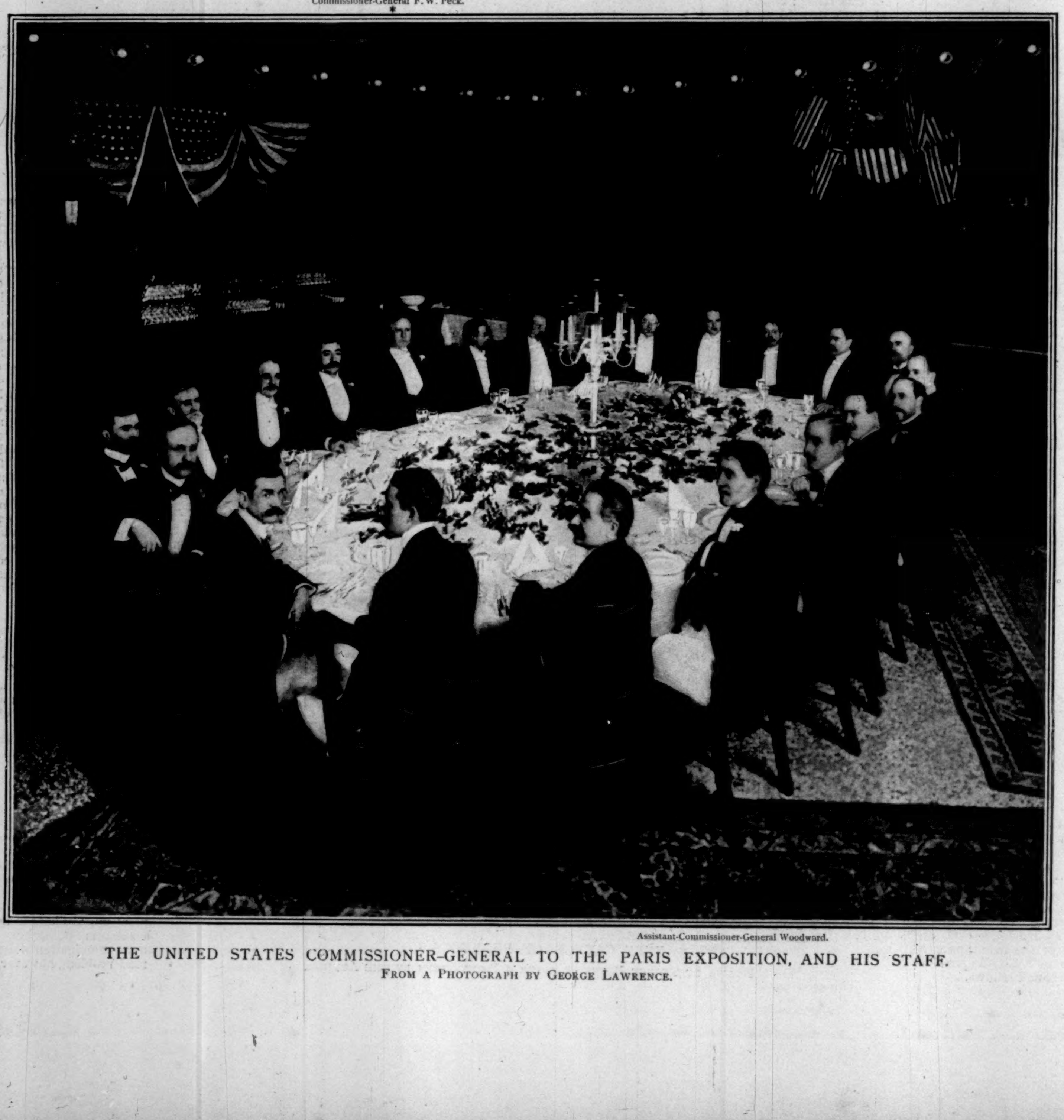
AMONG the nominations sent by President McKinley to the Senate on January 10 was that of Addison C. Harris, of Indiana, to be United States Minister to Austria-Hungary, *vice* Charlemagne Tower, transferred to St. Petersburg.

Mr. Harris's ancestors were miners in Cornwall, England. Some of the family, adopting the Quaker faith, followed William Penn to the New World, and then from Pennsylvania followed the suggestions of the true pioneer instinct which led still further afield. One, a Quaker preacher, Obadiah Harris, settled in Indiana. His great-grandson, Addison C. Harris, was born on a farm near Richmond, October 2, 1840. He attended the Quaker common schools in the neighborhood, and later the Northwestern (now Butler) University. In 1862 he graduated, and three years afterwards was admitted to the bar and began to practise in Indianapolis. In 1876 he was elected State Senator, and in the sessions of 1877 and 1879 served on the Judiciary Committee. Since 1879, when his partnership with John T. Dye was dissolved, Mr. Harris has given his attention chiefly to corporation practice. He has never accepted a retainer in a criminal case. In the course of his career he has given very little attention to politics, though in 1884 he ran for Congress against W. D. Bynum.

The Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition

IT is one of the healthful signs in matters relating to architecture, sculpture, and painting that no one city in the Union can claim a monopoly of interest. While it is perfectly true, and probably always will remain so, that New York affords an abiding-place for the largest number of artists, it is equally true, for the present, at any rate, that the most representative exhibitions of American painting are to be seen outside of the metropolis. The reasons, no doubt, are the mole-like burrowings of the Academy in the old, already well-worked soil to which few or no rays of modern enlightenment seem to pierce; the necessarily narrow sympathies of the Society of American Artists, so recently attenuated by the loss of some of its best men; the fact that many prominent New York men are devoting themselves to mural painting; and that other very important fact that the best market for American pictures is now in the West. These influences make it necessary to look beyond New York for opportunities of seeing the best work of our prominent men. The Pittsburg exhibition was recently reviewed in these columns, and now a really excellent exhibition is being held at Philadelphia.

John S. Sargent is so easily the first of the younger school of American painters and the foremost man of all living portrait-painters, that it has become a first question in all our exhibitions, "What is there by him?" None of his examples, on this occasion, are new. They include the


Commissioner-General F. W. Peck.
Assistant-Commissioner-General Woodward.

THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER-GENERAL TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION, AND HIS STAFF.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LAWRENCE.

"Mr. and Mrs. Phelps Stokes," the lady in the white duck dress and the gentleman in shadow behind, so terribly clever that one tires of it; the strong but very prosaic portrait of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, borrowed from the Capitol at Washington; the "Dr. Dunham," in which the painter has in no wise been balked by the excessive rubicundity of the face, but has cleverly made it the climax of a dark background and brown velveteen coat; and an exquisitely refined and characteristic small full-length picture of Robert Louis Stevenson reclining in a lounge chair. This was painted in 1887, and is therefore one of Sargent's early portraits; but while it has not the mastery of style which now enables him to epitomize so much observation in a single stroke of the brush, it shows, in the delicate drawing of the head and hands, the droop of the shoulders, and the suggestion of a fragile frame beneath the loose clothes, those powers of characterization which have made the painter so deservedly eminent.

Of the still younger men, no one seems more likely to develop the highest qualities of a great portrait-painter than Wilton Lockwood, of Boston. He is represented at Philadelphia by three first-class examples. Two of them, especially, have the quality of picturesqueness which converts a mere portrait into a work of universal and enduring interest. One is of Mrs. Frank E. Sweetser. Her attitude, perhaps, as she rests one hand on the high back of a chair, is a little commonplace and affected, but the treatment of the face and long sweep of pale crimson gown is very beautiful and dignified. The difficult problem of keeping the brilliant "pink" of a hunting-coat within the color scheme of a picture has been triumphantly solved in his portrait of Mr. Frank Seabury. It has the suggestion of being an easy and characteristic likeness, and it is undeniably a handsome picture. Charles Hopkinson, also of Boston, has something very charming to say, and says it well, in a portrait of a lady, besides contributing some good landscapes, especially that of "Mt. Desert," a very tender early morning effect. Frank W. Benson shows the charming picture of two children, described in connection with the Pittsburg exhibition, and a new one called "Twilight," in which a girl in white sits in front of a fire with her head resting upon her hands. The drawing and color are both in Mr. Benson's daintiest and most heart-felt mood. Two exceedingly agreeable portraits of little boys are sent by John Lambert, Jr.; two clever portraits, executed with great economy but certainty of effect, by John McLure Hamilton; and there is a new example of Miss Cecelia Beaux's versatility and indefatigable energy. It is said to represent the father and mother of Mr. Phelps Stokes, mentioned above, and Miss Beaux has put herself into direct competition with Sargent by placing the husband in shadow behind and the lady in a rich costume in front. It is a pity, for the expedient lacks beauty, and only has interest from the way in which Sargent managed it.

Amongst the figure compositions are several by John W. Alexander, whose facility will prove fatal to him if he is not careful. His lady with "the Blue Bowl," both in the pose and pattern of dark and light, is too much like a poster, and the large expanses of color have no artistic justification, either from the method in which they are painted or from any intrinsic quality of color. The same may be said of "A Ray of Sunlight," in which a girl leans forward to pass a bow across a 'cello, though in this case the lines of the figure are beautiful in their flexibility and tenderness. From Gari Melchers, in Holland, comes a Dutch girl knitting, while her goats browse behind her. He calls it "Audrey," rather unfortunately, for there is no humor in the picture, but that dull yearning which Mr. Melchers so often puts into the faces of his peasants. Louis Loeb contributes an ambitious picture, "Temple of the Winds, Sunset," in which a male figure stands upon a hill-top in an attitude as if about to soar. A rose-colored mantle is loosely flung around him. Farther off are two girl forms in pale green and pink, and still two others in pearly blue, all the figures being set against a sky of very lovely blue. The colors are mellow and pure, and a fine sense of breeze and space is felt. The picture might make a good ceiling panel. Elihu Vedder and John La Farge are represented by pictures already described in these columns, and George Hitchcock sends a variation upon the theme he exhibited in Pittsburg. There is the same field of tulips, but instead of the "Dutch Bride" a vanquished knight is riding slowly through, trailing his banner behind. It is pretty, but entirely meaningless. To borrow a musical phrase, the chord of color has not been satisfactorily resolved. This painter is better represented by a "Flight into Egypt," in which the Virgin and Child, upon an ass, are passing through a field of blue and white flowers, with Joseph lagging behind. It is a very gracious arrangement of color, but entirely without value as a sacred picture. Much more praiseworthy in this respect is "The Annunciation" of H. O. Tanner, the colored painter, whose "Raising of Lazarus," now in the Luxembourg, was illustrated in the WEEKLY. In the present picture the Virgin crouches with clasped hands on the edge of a couch. She is clad in a blue and white striped wrapper of some woollen material, and has an almost elfin sadness of expression as she humbly lifts her eyes to a bright white and yellow light which illumines one side of the vaulted chamber. What is hard to accept is the general coloring, with its prevalence of blues, reds, and browns, that may be realistic, but fail to express the spirituality and mystery which are the chief notes in the sacred conception.

Among the landscapes, three are conspicuous for their size and beauty. One is Dwight W. Tryon's beautiful New England scene, which won the first prize at Pittsburg, and now belongs to Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit; another is Leonard Ochtman's "Night," which gained a medal at the World's Fair, and has the solemnity and exquisite tenderness of one of Corot's best examples; and the third is "First Touch of Autumn," by William M. Chase. It is a bit of Shinnecock shore, with which he has often made us familiar, but he has carried its execution further than usual, and certainly nothing could be fuller of light and breeze and pure air than this beautiful picture. With smaller examples, but quite as refined and truthful, Louis Paul Dessar is close up to these three men. His "Sheep Park at Night" and "Return from Work" are large in every sense except that of inches—luminous, colorful, and brimming with tender sentiment. So, too, is Ben Foster's "The Evening Star," a lovely picture, very badly hung on this occasion. Childe Hassam's methods of painting have been a stumbling-block to many who had not patience to look behind the aggressive mannerism to search for what this painter was striving after. In this exhibition he has at last found himself with a certainty that even the plain man can appreciate, while he has lost nothing of the individuality which has attracted those who have tried to understand him. Amongst many charming landscapes, his "Rome" is particularly admirable. Light, air, and space are represented in a masterful way, the composition is striking but reposeful, and the technique, as such, never intrudes itself. It has ceased to be an end and been relegated to a means.

These are only a few of the many pictures which deserve notice in this excellent and representative collection; and nothing can be said in detail of a more than usually fine showing of sculpture which forms a strong feature of this Sixty-eighth Annual Exhibition.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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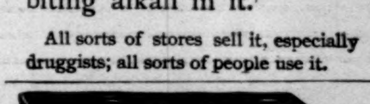

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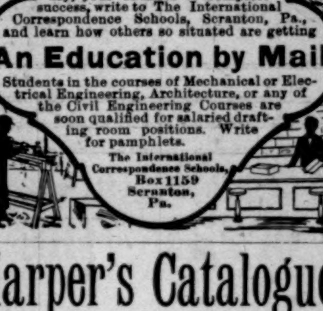

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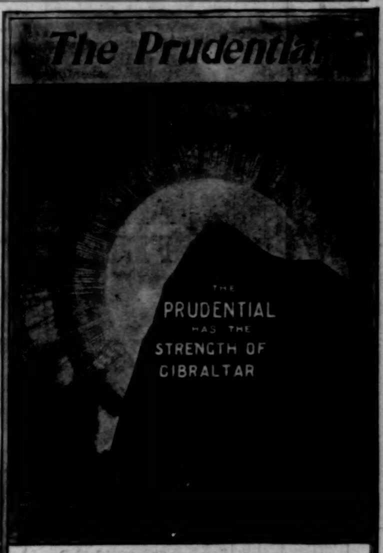

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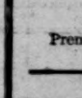

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE & CVRRENT EVENTS

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SENATORS ON THE TREATY

Strong statements especially prepared for COLLIER'S WEEKLY from Senators Davis, Gray, Frye, Lodge, Foraker, Morgan, Daniel, Platt, Mason, Gorman, Allen, Hale, Caffery, Pritchard, Perkins, Tillman, Mills, and Vest, illustrated by portraits, together with AN AUTHORIZED STATEMENT FROM THE ADMINISTRATION.

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A dramatic incident of Western Life, pictured by Frederic Remington; being the first of a series of TWELVE GREAT PAINTINGS by FAMOUS ARTISTS, to be published in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, during the year 1899.

JANICE MEREDITH

A Story of the Revolution

A new serial by PAUL LEICESTER FORD, author of "THE HONORABLE PETER STERLING," and profusely illustrated under the direction of HOWARD PYLE, BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

CORRESPONDENCE AND PICTURES FROM CUBA

General Lee's triumphant return to Havana (front page). Raising the Stars and Stripes over Morro Castle. Occupation of the Ordnance Depot, Havana. Havana Postoffice and Mail Transfer System. A Tropical Twelfth Night. The Naval Regatta.

OUT TO-DAY

LONDON · THE OPERA · THE DRAMA · LITERATURE · SPORTS

AMATEUR SPORT

GOLF IN THE SOUTH-LAND

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

(Concluded)

WE may also play golf at Memphis, in Tennessee, the course there having been first laid out in November, 1896. The nine holes have a playing length of 2478 yards, and are situated upon the beautiful Peabody Heights, about two miles out from the city. The Memphis golfers have an advantage over their Chattanooga brethren in that their fair green is tolerably well grassed, giving better chances for mid-hole play. The lay of the land, however, is very much straight up and down, and a bayou that must be crossed five times in the round is responsible for many a torn-up score-card. The greens are of clay. There are fifty members in the club, and visitors are welcome.

Golf at New Orleans, Macon, and Atlanta is still in the experimental stage, and the second quadrant of our golfing circle may properly end at Jacksonville, the gateway to the land of flowers. Florida, indeed, has almost as many golf-courses as all the rest of the South put together—a happy condition that may be ascribed to the influence of the Northern visitor. We may pursue the unconquerable "gutty" at Tampa, Orlando, Belair, and Kissimmee in Florida West, and at Jacksonville, Magnolia Springs, St. Augustine, Ormond, Miami, and Palm Beach on the east coast.

At Kissimmee, where the course runs over and around the shores of Lake Tohopekaliga, the fair green is probably the best in all Florida, and the putting-greens are also excellent. The course is a short one, being but 1727 yards for nine holes, and divided as follows: First, 130; second, 242; third, 145; fourth, 250; fifth, 200; sixth, 210; seventh, 150; eighth, 150; ninth, 250. The railway and a wide ditch are the principal hazards.

Jacksonville is no longer Florida to the tourist; it is only a way-station, or at best a one-night stand for the traveller who is hesitating between the rival attractions of the west and east coasts. The golfer, however, may wait over a day or two for the sake of a round over the links of the Florida Country Club, and perhaps a side trip to Magnolia on the St. Johns.

Golf at Jacksonville had its beginnings across the river, in what is known as South Jacksonville. A change of venue has taken place through the consolidation of the St. Johns Golf Club with the Florida Country Club, and now the golfers all play on the Country Club course. The club is in possession of the old fair-grounds, about a mile and a half from the centre of the city, and easily accessible by trolley. The course of seven links is laid out over and around the old running-track and the present polo-field. Fences, ditches, and sawdust roads are the principal hazards, and the fair green of Bermuda-grass is being brought into shape by the laborious process of hand-planting. The putting-greens are also turf, and with care they should be very good. The character of the soil—a black sand—is an annoyance, as it is almost impossible to keep the balls clean, but the little negro caddies are wonderfully keen-sighted, and they will unerringly mark down your ball, if you will but do your part in driving it straight. The crux of the course is the tee shot at the sixth hole. The line runs over a row of sheds fifteen feet in height and one hundred yards away, and it takes a clean drive to carry it. The playing length is 1864 yards, and the record is 34 (seven holes).

The course at Magnolia Springs on the St. Johns River is picturesquely laid out in long avenues cut through the pines and live-oaks. The latter, with their long "weepers" of Spanish-moss, are sad traps for the careless golfer, who swipes a high ball off the course and into the gray tangle of their outstretched arms. The pond hole of our Northern course may perchance give up its dead under the gentle persuasion of a long-handled garden rake, but the Magnolia live-oaks keep watch and ward over their treasure-trove until the crack o' doom. Ball in Spanish-moss is a lost hole on the Magnolia links, and the wise man keeps his approaches close to the ground.

FLORIDA COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE—JACKSONVILLE.

The course is one of nine holes, aggregating about 2000 yards in playing distance, and as the fair green is comparatively narrow, there is a premium upon straight driving. An abandoned railway cut and the remains of an old Confederate earth-work are the principal natural hazards, and they afford fine practice in niblick-work for the unprofitable servants of "Our Lady of the Links." The fair green has been put into Bermuda, and should be in excellent shape by the beginning of the winter season.

There are two courses at St. Augustine, that of the St. Augustine Golf Club, at Fort Marion, and that of the St. Augustine Country Club, on the low-lying lands bordering the Matanzas River. The Golf Club has five holes on the old military reservation, the remaining four being across the road in what is known as the San Marco plot. The turf of the fort section is many years old, and just about as good as we can expect of the Bermuda-grass, being close and firm, and affording a fair lie for the brassey. The putting-greens are on the natural lay of the land, and, although they contain some clover, they are true and fast. The "covered way" and the moat of Fort Marion are hazards for the third and fourth holes. The putting-green of the third hole (Little Misery) is in the "covered way" itself, and although the distance is only a cleek shot, it must be nicely gauged to avoid being trapped by the moat. The line to the fourth hole lies over a corner of the "covered way," but the risk is too great to justify the long carry that is required, and so we play off to the left, and are sure of a good lie and a straight path to the green.

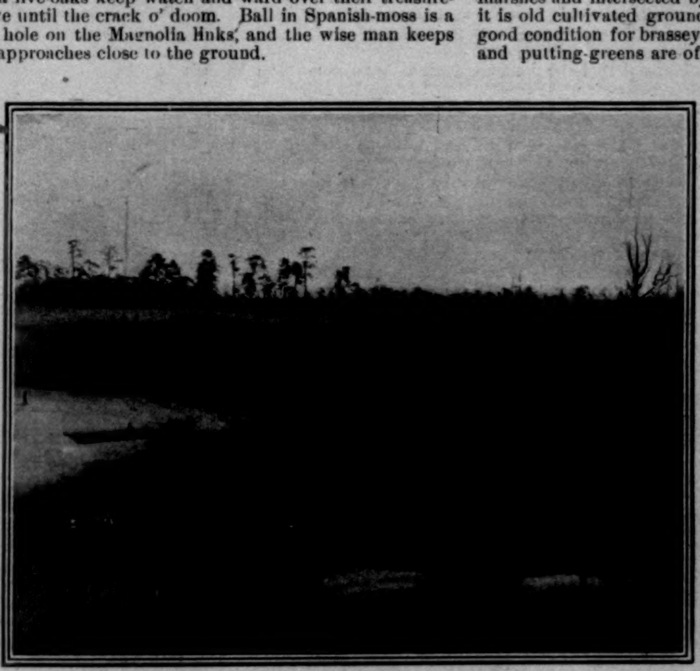
The holes in the San Marco division are over newer ground, and the fair green is still rather rough and thin. There are good artificial bunkers for the seventh and eighth tee shots, and the old city moat furnishes an over-played approach shot to the sixth green. The nine holes measure but 1888 yards in actual playing distance, but the course is nevertheless an exceptionally interesting and sporty one. The area of the fort green is a trifle too small for the five holes that it contains, and the tourist sight-seers have an aggravating habit of planting themselves squarely in the line of play to unfurl their umbrellas and rustle the leaves of their guide-books. But there is no penalty for a "rub-of-a-tourist," and the "Cookies" are gradually becoming educated to the significance of the warning "Fore!" The grounds of the St. Augustine Country Club are about a mile from the centre of the town, and are reached by an excellent bicycle road. In its general features the course reminds one of the low-lying Long Island coast, surrounded as it is by salt marshes and intersected by numerous tideways. Part of it is old cultivated ground, and the fair green is in very good condition for brassey play. Both the teeing-grounds and putting-greens are of turf, and although the latter have to be resodded from time to time, they afford an opportunity for genuine exercise in the art of holing out. Most of the hazards are artificial cop-bunkers, and the one on the ninth hole is a particularly good example of its class. It is in a wrong position, however, being a trifle too far from the tee; and the same may be said of the bunker that must be carried from the fifth tee. A fairly good drive is trapped, and a topped one goes unpunished. In both cases the teeing-grounds should be put back, so as to make the bunkers hazards for the second shot.

The club controls sixty-five acres of ground, but only some thirty-five are in use, and the polo-field and bicycle-track take up a good slice of that. In consequence the nine holes are too close together, and there is too much parallel play. One is reminded thereby of the story told of an American visitor to the North Berwick (Scotland) links in the old days of that famous golfing Mecca.

"They tell you to keep your eye on the ball," remarked the much-worried player, as he dodged a hard-driven missile. "I've all I can do to keep the darned ball out of my eye."

The golfing possibilities of the tract are so good that it would seem to be a wise move to take in some of the outlying ground and then rearrange the course. If properly laid out, the course should be one of the very best in the South; it certainly has the appearance of being the real thing, and needs only to be developed in accordance with orthodox golfing canons. The playing distance is 1730 yards, divided as follows: First, 178; second, 141; third, 173; fourth, 220; fifth, 303; sixth, 107; seventh, 162; eighth, 240; ninth, 206.

There is but one golf-course in all the South which may be said to come up to first-class standards in the number, playing distance, and general arrangement of its holes, and that one is the Palmetto Club course at Aiken, South Carolina. It is also the oldest golf club in the South, and enjoys the support of the great majority of Northern golfers who play the game for its own sake. Its annual open tournament is almost a national event, and the winner of the Southern course is always some player who is known to fame. Originally the course had but nine holes, but it has now the full eighteen, the separate distances being as follows: First, 347; second, 253; third, 406; fourth, 320; fifth, 341; sixth, 285; seventh, 110; eighth, 385; ninth, 309; tenth, 160; eleventh, 285; twelfth, 380; thirteenth, 506; fourteenth, 153; fifteenth, 225; sixteenth, 300; seventeenth, 115; eighteenth, 275—total, 5155 yards. This comes close to championship length, and the hazards at the several holes are, moreover, arranged with judgment, so as to punish poor shots and reward the steady player. Water, brush fencing, dry watercourses, cop-bunkers, and wagon roads are among


ON THE PALMETTO CLUB LINKS—AIKEN.

ST. AUGUSTINE COUNTRY CLUB—THE FIRST HOLE.

"THE GOLFICIDE."—BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS

the hazards, and at nearly every hole a good tee shot is essential to the compiling of a low score.

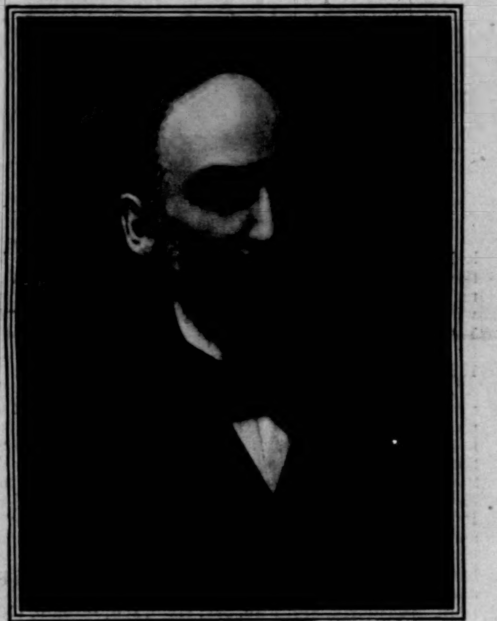
The general nature of the soil is light and sandy, with here and there streaks of reddish gravel and clay. The fair green is consequently inclined to be patchy and thin, but the joint-grass gives a good lie for the brassey, if you have the luck to find your ball resting upon it. The mid-green runs into "cups" at the slightest provocation, and it is necessary to keep men at work upon it pretty much all the time. A rough cocoa mat is dragged over the ground to prepare the way, and a small stone roller follows to smooth out the heel-marks and iron-scrapes. The putting-"browns" are all of beaten clay covered with a light sprinkling of fine sand, and the ball runs very true upon them.

The short course is made up of the first three and last six holes, and is therefore 2580 yards in playing distance.

Of the remaining Southern courses, those at Thomasville, Georgia, and at Summerville, South Carolina, demand a word. Both courses have been laid out by well-known professional experts, and afford good play. At Summerville there are nine holes, with a playing distance of 2343 yards. The putting-greens are of turf, and should be in good condition by the beginning of the present season. Two ponds, several drainage ditches, and artificial cop-bunkers make up the list of hazards.

At Thomasville the golf-course is laid out in what is known as Glen Arvern Park, the home of the Thomasville Country club; the park contains over 300 acres, and the golf section consists of nine holes, with an aggregate playing length of about 2500 yards. The fair green is well turfed for this latitude, and the greens are all sodded and kept in excellent condition. The golfing tourist is always welcome, and the course is well worth a visit.

The courses at Hot Springs (Virginia), Richmond, and Fortress Monroe are comparatively Northern in their general characteristics, and therefore do not call for especial mention. Wherever true sod can be grown the game differs in no essential particulars from the golf of tradition. It is only when we attempt to play it upon the gravelly plateaus of North Carolina and Tennessee and through the pine-barrens of Georgia and Florida that we must modify our golfing canons to meet the new conditions of the problem. And, all things considered, it is remarkable that the results should so nearly conform to the standards of orthodoxy.



Photograph by Bell.

Nelson Dingley

THE leader of the Republican side on the floor of the House of Representatives died at Washington, D. C., on January 23.

Nelson Dingley was born in Durham, Androscoggin County, Maine, on the 15th of February, 1832. The family settled in Auburn, in the same county, at a time when he was a student at Dartmouth College. Mr. Dingley graduated in 1855, and entered the law-office of Merrill & Fessenden in Auburn. He was admitted to the bar in due course, but instead of following the law, purchased the Lewiston *Journal*, which prospered under his management. He removed to Lewiston in 1863. He was six times elected to the State Legislature, of which he was twice chosen Speaker. In 1873 Mr. Dingley was the Republican nominee for the office of Governor of Maine, and was elected by about 10,000 majority. This majority was increased at the time of his re-election, in 1874. In 1881 he was elected by a phenomenal majority to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by William P. Frye's resignation. He served on the Committee on Banking and Currency. Four months later he was appointed a member of a joint committee to investigate the condition and wants of American ship-building and ship-owning interests. The committee reported a bill to remove certain burdens on American shipping, and while this was under consideration in the House he made a speech which gave him a national reputation. Towards the close of 1884 he was appointed at the head of the Republican minority on the Banking and Currency Committee, and the Committee on American Ship-building and Ship-owning Interests. It was due to Mr. Dingley's initiative that the Bureau of Navigation was organized in the Treasury Department. There was no important interruption in his Congressional work before his last illness. His re-election took place when occasions arose, and, especially in 1894 and 1896, by increased majorities. In the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses he was a member of the Committee on Appropriations. Under his leadership in the Fifty-fifth Congress the House passed a bill revising the tariff.

LONDON

January 7, 1899.

THE British nation begins the new year in high good-humor. The country is prosperous, the revenue abundant and elastic, and troubles which for years have dogged the footsteps of the people and their rulers have disappeared. Tail-twisting has ceased, thanks to a strong navy and the determination to use it. An all-round understanding with France is at last within the arena of practical politics. India is again quiet, and Lord and Lady Curzon begin their five years' rule under happy auspices. The American flag is freely displayed wherever the Viceroy and his wife appear. The vindication of British rights in connection with the Fashoda incident has given deep satisfaction to the whole nation, but the more thinking portion of the community attach less importance to that event than to the realization of a wistful hope, nourished by the best men of all shades of politics for more than a century, that the chasm between the two branches of the English-speaking people, created by the folly and pride of a few individuals, now bids fair to be bridged over under the influence of the common-sense and the common interests of the two democracies. The overwhelming possibilities contained in a general understanding between the great American republic and the British people would make it the most important event of the last eighty years. The benevolent attitude of the man in the street on such a question as the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is a case in point. American doings and sayings have suddenly become interesting to the masses of the people, who but a short year ago were careless, indifferent, and ignorant. American personalities begin to stand out in clear relief. The Spanish war and the new foreign policy of the United States (in which the average Englishman recognizes his own racial instinct of expansion) is a phenomenon profoundly interesting to the British people of all classes, none the less since the United States, at great sacrifice, seem to be resolved irrevocably to embark on the troubled sea of imperialism, which for a decade or more must prove to be a costly and hazardous enterprise, although palpably beneficial to British interests and the "open door" in China. The pleasure with which the expansionist policy is regarded in this country, and the favorable criticisms on the acquisition of the Philippines prevalent here, are, at least partly, attributable to the fact that America is giving hostages to fortune, and that she does not shrink from following an anti-Russian policy that is destined to make the English-speaking race dominant in the Far East, whatever influence it may have upon the social, constitutional, and fiscal future of the home population in America. English friends of the United States, however, capable of looking beyond the immediate advantage accruing to England from American pride and ambition sharing the task of subjugating and administering an Asiatic population, are not without dread that, for the time being, at all events, there is considerable danger of the substance being sacrificed for the shadow.

American interests in China are rapidly growing, and are only second to those of Great Britain. The onward march of Russian militarism in Manchuria, the impending seizure of Peking by the peace-loving Tsar, and the total failure of the British government, amid the preoccupations of General Kitchener's victory and the dispute with France, to devise or pursue any firm and continuous policy whatever in China, are no less injurious to American than to British interests. In China, at all events, British and American trade interests are absolutely identical. The neglect of the British Foreign Office to safeguard British trade is as harmful to America as to England, while the preoccupation of American statesmen in meeting the initial difficulties of an expansionist policy is no less hurtful to British than to American trade in China.

Under these circumstances, the forth-coming visit to the United States of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., C.B., M.P., on his return from the mission in China with which he was intrusted by the combined chambers of commerce of Great Britain, will interest the merchants and bankers of Chicago and New York no less than the politicians of Washington. The following is the situation: Lord Charles Beresford writes me that the question in China is a military one and nothing else, that it is necessary to secure law and order for the security and development of trade in China, and that the dangers ahead to American and British commerce are two—(1) the dominant military position of Russia in the north, daily increasing in power; and (2) the effete condition of the Chinese government, which has no control over its people. There is nothing to prevent burning of stores, destruction of goods, or loss of life anywhere in China at the present moment. The great trading communities are eagerly enthusiastic for the institution of a definite policy to be followed by Great Britain and the United States, with the support, if possible, of Germany and Japan. They, naturally, know their own business, and what is necessary in China for future security for commerce. The Tsung-li-Yamen have had it pointed out to them by Lord Charles Beresford that unless the Chinese government ask us to reorganize their army as a whole, partition of China into European provinces, the expulsion of the Manchu, and the institution of military spheres of influence are inevitable.

China kept in its integrity, with adequate police and military, is the best possible condition to insure the development and security of American no less than British trade. This integrity of China by a commercial alliance among ourselves, America, Japan, and Germany can only be maintained by our getting hold of the army, nominally to be a Chinese army, but with British or American officers. The first Chinese regiment on the Egyptian plan, officered by Englishmen, was gazetted during the past week. This regiment is intended to keep order at Wei-hai-wei, and it is hoped that it will be the pioneer of many others; not with a view to territorial expansion, but for the establishment of law and order and the maintenance of the "open door."

THE Chinese problem is one of the most interesting and difficult Great Britain and the United States have had to face in the latter half of this century. Representative Americans, Japanese, and Germans, when asked by Lord Charles Beresford as to their opinion of a pooling of interests by Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and Japan, advocated and supported the proposal; and when asked whether they thought their country would object to Great Britain organizing the Chinese army, they all replied that we ought to undertake the duty, because we owned sixty-eight per cent. of the trade in China, and because no race could organize Eastern peoples, make them fight under and respect their officers, like the Anglo-Saxon.

The country is rich beyond all expectations. The people are easily led and governed, thrifty, and hard-working, do not fear death, and possess all the qualities to make splendid soldiers and thriving communities. A strong, clear-headed man is wanted out there; not so much a military or a naval man as one who can overcome obstacles and difficulties, who is well known at home and abroad, and thus has prestige. If only we can get the military forces of China under Anglo-Saxon control, capital will pour in from all countries, and peace will be assured, owing to the formation of European vested interests. There is ample finance to start and keep a large military force in the moneys now allowed for that purpose, if only it was spent as it was intended. Englishmen on the spot are beginning to get tired of Chinese apathy, and are gradually drifting into the "sphere-of-influence" policy. The Chinese army wants reorganizing, and if the Chinese government does not authorize this and have the idea carried out, European nations will split China up and make political treaties as to the "open-door" question. When once the Chinese government has asked for a man to reorganize the army, it is a matter of honor that it be done properly, effectively, and thoroughly, and no interference will be allowed by any mandarin or other person whose object is to nullify effort or to make the whole thing ridiculous, more particularly as France and Russia will use every conceivable effort to bring this about.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD needs all the support of his countrymen in his mission, and also the sympathy of the American public, for a great issue for our empire, as well as for the future of the American people, depends on what may be accomplished in China for the security of trade. In a few months it may be too late, while the interests involved are probably a hundred times greater than those included in the whole African continent.

IT may be interesting to say a word or two about Lord Charles Beresford's personality. He once described himself in the House of Commons as having been a "scallywag" in his youth, which is understood to mean that he would get into any scrape for the sake of fun and action. Like many Irishmen, he is brimming over with humor, but, unlike some of his countrymen, his singular modesty prevents superficial observers from recognizing the great worth and solidity of his character. He has never been a favorite with authority. When a Lord of the Admiralty he was required to sign the Navy Estimates for the year. The clerk brought him a wet pen and asked him to attach his signature to the voluminous documents about to be presented to Parliament. "Oh," said Lord Charles, "I have not read them!" "That does not matter," said the clerk; "these are the Estimates, and all you have to do is to sign." After some discussion he was allowed two hours in order to master a document for which he was expected to make himself responsible. Finding that grave omissions and misrepresentations misleading to the House of Commons were contained in the Estimates, he flatly refused to sign, and sent in his resignation the same day. This action was universally reprobated by the bureaucracy, and by the tadpoles and tapirs in the services; but the effect of it was to introduce efficiency into the naval service, and to the moral courage of that resignation, by which Lord Charles risked his whole future, Britain largely owes to-day the possession of an augmented fleet that is what it pretends to be. At the siege of Alexandria, Lord Charles Beresford commanded the *Condor*. The present manager of the *Times*, Mr. Moberly Bell, was on board, and I have heard him describe the singular coolness and courage with which Lord Charles steamed right under the walls of an Egyptian fort and silenced one gun after another.

Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour signalled to the assembled fleet, "Well done, *Condor*." Any naval officer might have done this; but a more difficult duty fell to Lord Charles Beresford—to land in Alexandria next day in command of a few hundred marines, and become responsible for thousands of lives, and property to the value of millions sterling. The city was in the hands of incendiaries and murderers. Civil order had disappeared. In three days Lord Charles had established law and order, with a skilful rapidity that marked him out as a true leader of men. In my judgment, the pacification of Alexandria after the bombardment is the most remarkable episode in his adventurous career, and alone gives him a title to be heard on the pacification of China and the establishment of law and order in the great Yang-tse Valley. The problem is virtually that of Alexandria on a large scale.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD was in the thick of all the fighting in the Gordon relief expedition. He commanded the gunboat that went up to Khartum, and he defended her, when sick almost to death, when she was aground on a sand bank with her boiler pierced, and surrounded by a murderous horde of Dervishes flushed with victory. Lord Charles Beresford deserves the whole-hearted support of the English-speaking people because he is a brave and honest man, because he knows his facts, and, lastly, because he has absolutely no axe to grind. Many of our officials cannot understand a man in public life who is not seeking his own ends, and hence Lord Charles is misunderstood. If he succeeds in persuading the American people that their interests in China are gravely jeopardized, and that decisive action is required both by England and the States, he will at the same time destroy the apathy into which public opinion on the Far Eastern question has been allowed to sink on this side of the water.

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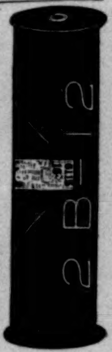

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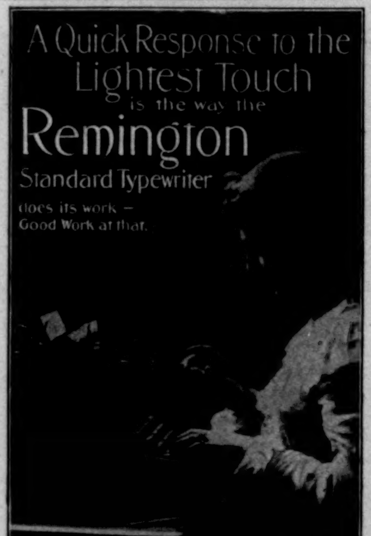

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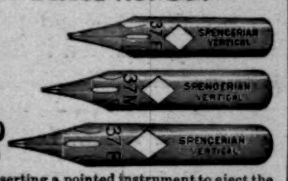

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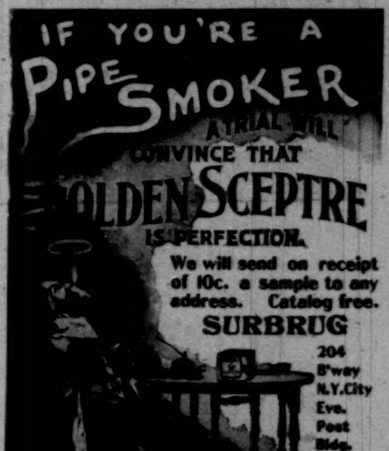

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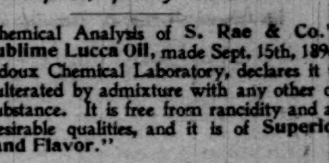

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